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Utrum Horum?

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THE  
GOVERNMENT;  
OR, THE  
COUNTRY?

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BY D. O'BRYEN.

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SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

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1796.

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PRINTED BY J. WILKINSON, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE, LONDON.

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## The GOVERNMENT; or, The COUNTRY?

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BEFORE I endeavour to shew that the Empire has no choice between the alternatives which form the title of this pamphlet, I am willing to guard against a mistake.

If the word Government should, by an abusive construction of the term, be supposed to comprehend the King's authority—if it was understood to involve the other estates which compose the frame of this constitution,—and that their civil extinction were become absolutely indispensable to the salvation of the country;—even in this shocking dilemma, though it might be painful to act, it could not be difficult to decide. King, Lords, and Commons, every particle of whose several authorities are public trusts for public purposes, what are they when set in comparison with the public safety? If it were clear that their civil functions were in-

comparib'e with the national existence and moral happiness of the people, what hesitation could a man, born under, and bred in, the principles of the British Constitution, have in such an extremity to proclaim,—perish a thousand governments, live the country !!!

But far from us—far for ever be it so—is such a situation !

The sense in which I use the word government is its vulgar and popular sense. I do not mean the constitution or any estate of it. The constitution of England is an object of my sincere admiration. It is so ; not because Mr. Burke (whom I name with reverence and must ever regard with affection) not because he tells me that the people of England are the *property* of King George the Third, as the successor of King William. I should loath a system that transferred a nation like a herd of swine in such a manner. Not because Mr. Dundas tells me in a barbarous jargon, well suited to his logic, that the man can have no love for the English constitution “ who thinks it possible for “ any form of government to be so good ; ” a dictum so presumptuous, as to find excuse only in the arrogant ignorance of the person who thus circumscribes the immortal intellect of man to the perfection, whatever it is, of the system under which *he* feeds and fattens—a system which is only degraded by so suspicious a testimonial, and whose just claim to the attachment of reasonable men is founded

founded upon a basis very different indeed from such hyperbolical absurdity. Nor is my admiration of the English constitution because Mr. Payne wildly tells me it is a non-entity, and triumphantly challenges to point it out, if we have a constitution.

I am far from thinking that the British constitution is generally understood; but without referring Mr. Payne to this page or to that book for it, no man need be at a loss where to find the English constitution. It is to be found in the known principles of British freedom, of representative legislation, of executive responsibility, and still more distinctly in the principles of its jurisprudence. The common law of England, and the maxims of our judicial code form, in despite of many frauds in the practice, and of some provisions which are a disgrace to the statute book; in despite of the studied obscurity of lawyers, and the frequent fervility of judges—the most perfect juridical system with which the civilized world has ever been acquainted. The most wholesome praise of the British constitution is, that it has produced more political happiness than any other. Of the American constitution the experience is short. The experience of the French is nothing. It is possible indeed that the Science of Government may be still in its infancy. A few years have undoubtedly produced the most stupendous events amongst nations. The worst part of the new sys-

tems *may* become better than the best of the old. I stand however upon the surest of all bases, the base of practice, in preferring the British constitution for the British nation, conscious at the same time of many defects, and in the full sunshine of conviction upon this point—that the present government have bereaved the people of its vital parts.

This preference of mine neither insults the labours of other nations, nor excludes the possible superiority of other systems. I shall demonstrate before the end of this work how much it is my wish that the only rivalry among states may be a rivalry of happiness and a competition in the arts of peace. But with our present limited knowledge ; under all the wisdom and all the ignorance of our social condition at this time of the world, there is neither offence nor extravagance in being content with the true constitution of England, administered according to its genuine principles that is to say—universally and strictly for the public good—one of my objects in this publication being to vindicate and recover that constitution.

Of that constitution it is a wise maxim that the King can do no wrong—but in securing the personal impunity of the first magistrate it asserts the responsibility of his agents. By the word government I mean only those agents. None but a traitor to the King—none but an enemy to his family will blend his person, or mix his fate with the fate of his ministers. I shall be guilty of no  
such

such act. I shall separate the royal authority from the crimes of the government—and, without once touching even the exterior of the constitution, I shall strive to convince my reader, as I am convinced myself, that the salvation of the Empire calls for the overthrow of the administration—and that its future security demands the punishment of the principals !

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## THE ARGUMENT OF THIS PAMPHLET IS DIRECTED TO THREE POINTS.

The first, to shew, *that the duration of the war is ruin, and that peace alone can save us.*—The second—that, *the best peace which can be rationally expected from the present ministry, would be a greater calamity than even a continuance of the war.*—The third—that *the true policy and best hope of the country will be first in a grand act of JUSTICE—and finally in a COURAGE worthy of its antient character.*

THE DISTRIBUTION IS UNDER THE  
FOLLOWING HEADS.

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THAT THE DURATION OF THE WAR IS RUIN ; AND THAT PEACE ALONE CAN SAVE US is a proposition that, in the present state of this country, proves itself. Future ages will scarcely credit the gross impositions that have been passed upon the people by the authors of the war. It is not a wise nation, but a frantic gladiator, that can be reconciled to ruin by the destruction of an adversary. Yet, strictly in the spirit of this gladiator have the people of England struggled for the last four years.—I think I know Mr. Pitt as well as he knows his auditory, and, extravagant as the speculation seems, I protest I do not despair of hearing him once again and for the fifth year, drag the posslets of his supporters, as wise as they are upright, with one more draught of French finance. Be it known then to all men that this minister in drawing the interest of a hundred millions of money from the people of England, has uniformly given the house of Commons the pious and moral satisfaction, that France was *undone*, regularly undone upon each successive loan! *And they believed him.*

That virtuous house believed him. His information was so correct, his calculations so exact—He might have passed for chancellor of the exchequer to the committee of public safety in the years 93 and 94—or minister of contributions

to the directory in 95 and 96, so detailed was his knowledge of the immediate ruin of France from the state of her credit.

A member of the house of Commons whose object is not the ruin of France, but the safety of England, expressed himself thus upon the very first display by the minister of this positive destruction of France from the state of her finances.

“ That the credit of France is low, her expences  
 “ great, and her resources much exhausted cannot  
 “ be denied ;—but if I believed the result drawn  
 “ by the English minister from her situation, I  
 “ should not be the more reconciled to this war.  
 “ What is it to me that France should be undone,  
 “ if England is undone at the same time ? Every  
 “ word I now hear about French assignats, I  
 “ heard of American assignats eighteen years  
 “ ago.—We know the consequence. For any  
 “ thing I know France may go on ruining at this  
 “ rate for ten years to come, and what will then be  
 “ the situation of England ? ”

Thus spoke a man whose warnings appear to have something like the fate of Cassandra's. She was always right ; but the Trojans could never see the truth of her predictions, until they read them distinctly by the light of the Trojan conflagrations.

These warnings however had no effect upon the house of Commons. That assembly took the flattering unctious to their souls, and believed all they were told.—Like the casuist who upon  
 being

being questioned whether he had sworn the thirty-nine articles, answered that he had, and was only sorry there were not as many more to swear, that he might the better prove his orthodoxy. The house of Commons believed every syllable the minister uttered, and would have believed thirty-nine times as much from the same lips, *to prove their orthodoxy.*

Mr. Pitt assured them in the year 93 that the ruin of France was quite certain. It was quite certain also in 94—of course it was not the less certain in 95;—but upon the very last day the house of Commons sat on national affairs, in the month of May 96, the thing was put out of all question. One clear hour and a half of most beautiful eloquence was employed by that gentleman upon French finance—and he honestly and fairly, “both as a man and a minister” convinced his hearers that the explosion was on *the point* of breaking, which would reduce the enemy to “that chasm in Europe which once was France”—

The ruin of France was so certain at all these periods that doubt of it became a constructive treason. The house of Commons waited, and waited, and waited, for the promise of the Oracle—until ruined France has brought Europe at her feet, and mankind looked about them aghast and astonished!

Maracci in his history of Mahomet says that Mahomet having promised his followers, that

he should rise in three days after his death, they waited round his body in expectation of his resurrection, until they were nearly suffocated by the stench from the rotten carcase of the dead impostor. Not so the disciples of Mr. Pitt. In sober certainty of their living prophet, and fumi-gated by the fragrance of all his places, they still look no doubt to the full accomplishment of their idol's vaticination. I crave the reader's mercy, when I propound it as a speculation perfectly consistent with the characters of the minister and of his parliament, for *him* to feast them again with one more banquet upon French ruin, and for *them* again to devour and digest it. We shall see.

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HOWEVER, the comparative ruin of the two countries is not the present point. We *believe* the distress of France to be great, we *know* our own to be so. Crowned with a glory beyond any thing Greek or Roman, they have more to shew for their expenditure, than ever nation had before. We have no levies to look for beyond the bounds of this island. No ransom is to reach our coffers, no trophy of fame, no monument of art to illustrate our triumphs! No king of Sardinia, no king of Naples, no pope of Rome, no duke of Modena, no German circles, no cities, free or enslaved, are to contribute one shilling to our  
 “ indemnity

“ indemnity for the past.” Without inquiring the value of the vast acquisitions of France, it is certain that a single Flemish province is of more consequence than our conquests in the West Indies. Of those in the East, we have the recorded opinions of the present ministry, confirmed by the votes of the house of Commons, that extension of territory in that quarter of the globe is mischievous to our interests. If, however, the whole country on the left of the Rhine was not worth one shilling to France, it makes nothing against my argument.

Without dwelling upon the depression of our funds, or upon the known causes that prevented their sinking sooner—Without dwelling upon a loan of twenty-five millions and a half in one year (with every service of the state enormously in debt at the same time)—Without dwelling upon this dreadful calculation ; that if the war were to cease to-morrow, near THREE MILLIONS more of annual taxes must be drawn from the labour and comforts of the people of England to supply defalcations, and to pay the interest of debts already incurred. (Some judicious gentleman will perhaps tell me that I am “ wrong by four shillings and fixpence “ halfpenny,” to repeat the phrase of a noble Marquis. Be it so. I am content to be mistaken in the sum total.)

—Without dwelling upon the loss to the commerce of this country of the markets of France,

of Spain, of Holland, of the Levant, and the Mediterranean—without dwelling upon the alarming emigrations to America (emigrations provoked by an execrable policy, which will soon be its own punishment)—It is not upon any single grievance, but *upon the whole state* of the Empire, my conclusion is founded—“ That the duration of the “ war is ruin ; and that peace alone can save us.”

As this proposition is almost universally admitted, I shall proceed to the grand principle of my argument. I have put this in strong terms—and reassert what I think I shall prove, that, with all the obvious ruin of this war ; that even under the crying necessity for peace, so generally proclaimed as our only source of safety ; yet—“ that “ the best peace which can with reason be expected “ from the present ministry, would be a greater “ calamity than even a continuance of the war.”

## CONDUCT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TOWARDS THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following axioms appear to me to be irresistible.

*That the English government had but one of two courses to pursue upon the great event of the French revolution:—either to oppose the freedom of France in the outset with all its might, or to encourage it with cordiality.*

*And that even a faithful neutrality would have been only negative wisdom—but that a treacherous neutrality was the most destructive policy our government could possibly adopt.*

In opposing the freedom of France, the English government might reason in this manner.

It is true the old despotism of France, which brought down England so low, has been overthrown by the people of France! It is true the national assembly has disclaimed all wars of conquest, and that the French people discover good sympathies towards the people of England. But nevertheless the liberty of free France may in the end prove more fatal to England, than even the ambition

ambition of the grand monarchy. The stout resistance of England to that ambition was the effect of its free constitution—and if France, to all her physical superiorities, superadd the advantage of a constitution perhaps more free than our own, then free England can have but a slender chance against freer France, in process of time. Pretexts for quarrelling can never be wanting. Success and power may evade or disown what at best is but a declaration of the constituent assembly. War, with all its calamities, is preferable to national extinction. We will even take our chance with the old tyranny of France, and crush, if we can, her new-born freedom.

I am afraid there are many men in England—many too who never read a line of Machiavel, to whom this stile of reasoning, odious and detestable as it is, would have been very palatable. Promising however as such a speculation may be to bad men, it did not seduce our virtuous ministry. They reflected perhaps that such very daring wickedness might revolt the hearts of all honest men in England.—We have the public declaration of my Lord Hawkesbury himself, that if the English ministry had resisted the French revolution in its outset “ he should not have been the last “ man to condemn them.” The English ministry acted no such vile part, not they—yet even this part, iniquitous as it would have been, is the perfection.

section of policy, in comparison with the course which they took.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the effects of the systematic hostility of the house of Bourbon to this country. From the Duke of Norfolk at the head of the peerage, to the beggar in the street, there is not a citizen of this country who has not in some shape a daily experience of its fatal consequences. It takes from the enjoyments of the rich, and lessens the comforts of the poor, every day of the year. The mouth cannot be fed, nor the back cloathed, without bearing testimony to the ambition of the house of Bourbon; and such is the fecundity of exaction in England, that we are obliged to pay taxes for even the light of Heaven, as we shortly must, I fear, for existence itself.

All this is the gift of the house of Bourbon. The English nation thought fit about a century ago, to alter its system of government. The tyrant king of France said England should not do so, and to prevent the success of our revolution, went to war with us. Until the reign of this prince the French government had not become thoroughly tyrannical. Under him and forth from his time, it became the most settled despotism in the world. Waging frequent war against France for many centuries before, no permanent evils remained upon England after such a series of hostility, until every trace of liberty in France had

at length merged in the boundless authority of Lewis the 14th. From that hour the lasting misfortunes of this country commenced.

The national debt of England at the period of the English revolution was about a single million. The tyrant king of France in the endeavour to overset that revolution made that national debt near fifty millions; and before the successor of this monarch desisted from forcing upon us a prince and a government both of his own choice, our debt became near a hundred millions. His second successor, the late unhappy king, besides tearing from us one of the fairest empires in the world, raised our debt to near three hundred millions. Thus by the politics of the three last French princes, our debt from one million became near three hundred millions!

Prone as this country has been to differ upon public topics, there never was but one opinion upon the cause of these five wars. We never allow any doubt of their originating in “ the restless ambition of the Most Christian King.” A phrase which appears in every English manifesto for the last hundred years.

In this country we have had plagues, famines, invasions, rebellions.—England has survived them all. It has conquered all sorts of calamities except the gift of the house of Bourbon. That incurable schirr, growing into our very vitals, baffles all remedy, and presents nothing before us but a deadly despair.

despair. Other grievances are complex—but the fatality of the national debt of England is sensible both to the “feeling and the sight” of the most stupid creature in the community. An exact computation cannot perhaps easily be made of the sums paid by each individual in excises and customs; but the dullest being can comprehend this—that the interest of the national debt, was nearly one half of the rated currency of England before the commencement of the present war.

Had “the restless ambition of the house of Bourbon,” not harnessed England to such a load as this, what might not be the prosperity of a country of eight millions of inhabitants—if freed from an annual taxation of near ten millions sterling to pay the bare interest of this legacy of the house of Bourbon!!!

Such was our situation before the present war. If instead of being history, it had been a subject of speculation, to fancy what description of Englishmen would have rejoiced the most in the French revolution, it surely would be thought that a *minister* would rejoice before all men—and before all ministers, *Mr. Pitt!*

This minister after ten years of peace, standing upon vantage ground never occupied by any former administration, with the hands of this recreant house of Bourbon, in a manner tied behind its back during the whole ten years.—This minister, compleatly upon velvet with regard to foreign

affairs ; backed by unprecedented majorities both in and out of parliament, and never denied a shilling of impost in a country too, flourishing in trade, according to his own account, beyond all former examples.—What then was the achievement of this minister after ten such years of peace ?—He equalized the income of the country with its expence, and contended that he had a million of superflux to redeem capital !!

The reality of this superflux has been a point of dispute between the ablest men in England. We shall however take Mr. Pitt's word, that in the last year of peace it was real and efficient. That it had no existence during the first four years of his pretended reduction of debt, has been proved to demonstration. It is not my immediate purpose to throw any blame for the non-entity of this supposed superflux. It became a positive excess of income as soon perhaps as the minister, without grinding the country, could make it—but if this million of superflux was the *utmost produce of ten such years of peace*, what in the name of heaven did this very minister think would be the condition of his country after ten years, or half ten years, of war ?

This is the place to ask myself a very necessary question—Did the French revolution so entirely “neutralize and dulcify” the people of France towards the people of England, as to justify our discarding at once the old antigallican system ?

Were

Were the principles of Sir William Temple, of Lord Godolphin, of the late Lord Chat-ham, and the present Mr. Fox—indeed of all the great statesmen of the present century;\* were these principles grown so obsolete, that all dread of French aggrandisement was to be effaced from our breasts as a necessary consequence of the French revolution? This question would not come amiss from a stranger; for in truth it would be difficult to find a greater zealot in antigallican policy, or who expressed his opinion with more plainness upon that point, than

\* Of all the public men in our time no one has shewn such indifference to those maxims of famous policy as the present Mr. Pitt. Throughout the whole business of Lord Auckland's treaty, this policy was slighted by him in a very notable manner. The only trace of it to be found in his conduct is upon an occasion where he misapplied and disgraced it: namely the affair of Holland in the year 87. It was not rescuing Holland from France upon the principles of the triple league, but enslaving the Dutch nation by the bayonets of Prussian grenadiers, in the true spirit of the Pilnitz conspiracy. Such a total want of judgment disfigured the whole of that transaction—the people of that country were treated, upon that occasion, with such an unscrupulous tyranny as might well have prepared men of common sense on our side of the water for that quick destruction of the Stadtholder's power and the determined dereliction of all connection with England which took place upon the first opportunity.—And yet the English army was quite surpris'd at the usage they lately met with in Holland!!

even the humble author of this pamphlet. In a tract relating chiefly to French affairs published by me in the year 86 is the following sentiment.\* “ It is the duty of Great Britain to  
 “ consider any accession of strength or territory  
 “ which France may obtain in any part of the  
 “ world, as so much taken from her own power;  
 “ —and to view any abasement of French greatness, or diminution of French empire, as so  
 “ much gained to herself.”

With such sentiments upon the general policy of England to France, can it be the opinion of the author of the passage just quoted, that the French revolution *should have* annihilated all national jealousy of the power of France in the people of this country *ipso facto* ?

Without answering this question in the affirmative *to the extent of it* ; I have no doubt at all that it was the true policy of England to act upon the hypothesis of *the French revolution having radically changed the relation of the two countries, and of having placed both in an order of things new, and mutually auspicious.*

Assuming, for much more than the mere purpose of my argument, that the sense of mankind would have scouted the English ministry if they had adopted the crooked course of resisting the at-

\* View of the Treaty negotiated by Mr. Eden—Debrett.

tempt of France to make herself free, in the outset of the revolution, then it follows that their soundest wisdom was to manifest their complacency towards it.

Of all the misfortunes that can befall this country, the first and greatest, beyond all question, is to be the settled opponent of *free France*. If France had not gained one victory in the course of the present war, and but barely retained her ancient territory; still the blackest enemy of the English nation could never wish it a destiny more fatal, than that another Rome and Carthage should be revived in the two *free* empires of France and England!

Memorable enough for this country is the effect of only the “restless ambition of the house of Bourbon”—but no imagination can contemplate without horror the probable consequence of the genius of that house being transfused into the mass of the French nation. It is this very thought which would have been uppermost in the mind of a wise British government, upon the breaking out of the French revolution. With all the atrocity of the attempt, they should on the instant have taken Lewis the Sixteenth by the hand, and strangled the revolution in its birth, or have made a virtue of necessity and cordially encouraged it—a course which in no degree involved any interference in its domestic progress.

Without detailing the natural strength of  
France,

France, her situation in the midst of Europe, the compactness of her territory, the fertility of her soil, her vast population—France in able management must always be an overmatch for any competition in Europe. The same superiority which marked the territory called France, in the hands of Cæsar and Constantine, of Charlemagne and Lewis the Fourteenth, must distinguish it in an equal degree, whenever its powers are wielded with equal skill.

Placed upon the globe as France and England are :— With such a community of interests in all seas and regions, such a rivalry in arts and manufactures, the base spirit of trade itself, whose very genius is monopoly—all these circumstances would of their own natural operation have required the most delicate vigilance of the most benevolent policy in both countries, to smooth and harmonize their mutual interests. But if *delenda est Carthago* is really the creed of either nation, then has this country yet to witness calamities, compared with which all its past disasters are the peace and tranquility of the garden of Eden!

Between the beginning of the first and the fatal termination of the third Punic war, about half the time was consumed in mutual slaughter—and though the events are nineteen hundred years old, the dreadful narrative of five and forty years inhuman warfare, fills the soul with terror even at this distance of time. But all this is nothing to the

the fate of France and England, should a hellish policy plant an incurable hatred between two such nations. The first duty then of a wise British administration should have been to eradicate, as much as possible, the seeds and sources of all national antipathy upon the dawn of that French freedom which they had determined not to oppose : —but to excite national antipathy *by choice*, is indeed an insanity that will scarcely be credited in after times !

Who can forget the grand and glowing picture drawn by this very Mr. Pitt, upon the discussion of Lord Auckland's treaty, of the better prospects of France and England for evermore. “ Articled “ partner” though France became by that treaty, to repeat the words of Mr. Burke, in the grand arcana of British commercial superiority, Mr. Pitt, in the finest strains of pathos and prophecy, designed the two states in future for nobler purposes than mutual butchery. But the moment the despotism (so destructive at all times to the interest of England) with which he had negotiated that treaty had been demolished by the heroic spirit of the French ; then all his golden expectations vanished in a moment ! The pernicious tyranny of the house of Bourbon beamed, according to this minister every thing that was auspicious upon the new connection of the two countries, but as soon as freedom and philosophy exalted that people of slaves into a nation of men—*that instant*, the go-  
vernment

vernment of England saw nothing but plague and pestilence in the intercourse of the two states.

If ever the hour of account should come in this country, the accuser knows nothing of the crimes of the ministry who does not begin his indictment with the beginning of the French revolution.

It is notoriously certain that this revolution was, at its commencement, a popular event in England. It was so in part from a sympathy to the cause of freedom, but in a much greater degree from considerations strictly English, and a belief that the downfall of the Bourbon tyranny was a presage of long blessings to the English nation. Yet coeval with the first free sentiment that was uttered in the constituent assembly, was the actual enmity of the English government to the French revolution.

The English government had shewn its teeth long before any disapprobation had yet proceeded from the early, the late, and the immortal enemy of that revolution, Mr. Burke himself!

The first pamphlet of this celebrated person upon the French revolution, was read by the author of these sheets as soon, I believe, as by any man, at this time, in the land of the living. Flattered and honoured by its illustrious writer, I felt more true pride in his kindness and condescension, than from any favours that could be conferred by any of the tyrants whose cause he has since pleaded with

with such unrivalled eloquence. Though it fell within my knowledge, by having seen the manuscript of that memorable work many months before its publication, and by various conversations with him, that Mr. Burke was hostile to the French revolution, yet the public were ignorant of his sentiments, until the *fracas* with Mr. Sheridan\* on the seventh of February 1790; long before which period, the English ministry had betrayed their hatred to the recent revolution. It is probable enough that the powers of such a man as Mr. Burke may influence the opinion of the world more than the combined efforts of the administration—but it is against all reason that *they* should take their cue from a gentleman, whose abasement had been the labour of their lives; whose character and principles they had so long decried with enthusiastic rancour.

Though the ministry were rejoiced no doubt at such an ally against the French revolution, the

\* It appeared to the author of this pamphlet, that the difference between these two great men would be a great evil to the country, and to their own party. Full of this persuasion he brought them both together the second night after the original contest in the house of Commons; and carried them to Burlington house to Mr. Fox and the Duke of Portland, according to a previous arrangement. This interview, which, can never be forgotten by those who were present, lasted from ten o'clock at night until three in the morning, and afforded a very remarkable display of the extraordinary talents of the parties.

French nation had more decisive intimations of their disposition than in the eagerness with which they fomented the difference between Mr. Burke and his friends, (a conduct which their natural malice would have prompted) and more, even, than the encouragement which they gave to all that gentleman's indefatigable attacks upon the French. Every part of the revolution was odious in the eyes of Mr. Burke. Every part of Mr. Burke's former life was odious in the eyes of the English ministry. *He* looked askance at every thing that respected the French revolution. *They* surveyed him with a lover's fondness, and could discern no fault about him. From being the object of their maledictions he became a sudden butt of their panegyric; and grew into their graces in exact proportion to the number and the vigour of his invectives against every thing that was French,—excepting its former tyrants and tyranny!

*That house*, the five hundred and fifty-eight members of which, (with the exception of very few indeed) will be no more known to have had an existence than the cattle they drive, when Mr. Burke, notwithstanding the division and contradiction of his character, will be a subject of the admiration and the commentaries of mankind.—*That house*, which would shout him down to-morrow (if instead of publishing it, he were asserting his consistency there, like the Earl of Fitzwilliam

in another place) for opposing a treaty, as loudly and clamorously, as the very same people extolled him four years ago, for saying that *any treaty* was striking at the head of King George the Third—That honest impartial auditory, which would scarce grant him a hearing, when with all the splendor of his vast genius he defended the liberties of his country—hung with rapture upon his tongue and beatified his sentiments—upon their finding, very unexpectedly, that he vindicated the despotism, and derided the free spirit of the French nation!

Mr. Burke however had not yet shewn his face in the house of commons before the temper of the English government towards the enfranchised people of France was pictured in the most legible impressions.

The destruction of the Byzantian library, the ravages of Italy by the Goths, the fall of Thebes or Athens, were never more deplored by the sons of science, than the French bastille was “praised, wept and honoured” by the satellites of the minister on the meeting of parliament on the 21st of January 1790. The minister’s own cautious silence was emphatically explained by the obloquies of Mr. Jenkinson and Colonel Phipps, upon that memorable day, against the recent revolution.

Let it be observed that I am speaking now, as these noble persons were speaking then, of the

French revolution long anterior to those diabolical scenes which fill the world with such just execration. No slaughter of prisoners at Paris or Versailles,—no September massacres,—no bloody domination of Robespierre,—nothing of this kind had yet disgraced the progress of the revolution. Yet the French troops, were arraigned and vilified by the friends of the English minister, upon debating the address to the King on the day before named, for this conduct, which in their courtly judgments was a high crime—for refusing to butcher the city of Paris on the murderous mandate of the Duke de Broglie.

But this shall pass for nothing. I will even suppose that Lord Mulgrave and Lord Hawkesbury, against whom I certainly have no personal ill will, delivered only their own, and not the minister's sentiments upon this occasion; still the French were unfortunately at no loss to understand the government of England by other organs.

There is not a man of business in France who does not understand the nature of the English press. From the month of May in the year 89—that is to say as soon as principles of political liberty began to emanate from the constituent assembly, from that moment it became the diurnal task of every newspaper under the influence of the English treasury to abuse the revolution, to pervert every good, to exaggerate every evil, to mutilate and misrepresent every fact,

fact, to traduce and outrage the whole French nation, in every sentiment and operation.

We are now at war with France, and our objurgation of that country may find base precedents to justify the practice ; yet if any one will take the trouble to look at the files of the court prints seven years ago in profound peace, those prints will be found to maintain a valiant competition with the systematic calumny of the present moment.

I throw no blame upon the managers of these papers. When fervility is the fashion, it is very natural that its literary votaries should supply the government with that kind of incense which it snuffs up with the greatest ecstasy. For some time this low custom had been discontinued, but lately I perceive it is resumed with very methodical rancour. And, as if the revolution had not teemed with facts enough, for such a purpose ; as if the real excesses that have notoriously been perpetrated in France, were not sufficient to excite popular horror, fables are now invented, story books searched and records of cruelty ransacked, for curious crimes ; and all regularly and daily charged upon the French.

The system of scandal is indeed a cheap and ready instrument—but it is an instrument which no generous foe, either man or nation, will be anxious to employ. A nation is but an aggregate of individuals ; and what brave man traduces his antagonist ?

antagonist? Prepared if needful, to breast the steel or the lead of his enemy, such a man has no faculty for slander. A better criterion of a truly noble nature cannot be than by an antipathy to this vile art. The present administration has not been suspected of much petticoat influence; but from the habitual abuse of the French, it looks as if the matrons of Billingsgate had changed places with the women, or the men-like women, at the head of our government.

I have no doubt there are gentlemen concerned in these prints, who love their country; and if a disobedience to their patrons were not involved in the admonition, I would conjure them to abandon a practice in itself not more illiberal, than pernicious in its effects. Six and twenty millions of people separated from us by a distance of only twenty-one miles, should not be driven to swear like Hannibal at the altar. It is not with civil excesses alone they are inculpated; every description of moral depravity is fancied and imputed every day to every part of France. To vilify the country in this manner would be only impolitic if the tales were true—but being false, even the peril of the thing is surpassed by its baseness.

Exactly in the same way was America treated all through the last war;—and if those ministers, whose lofty contempt of the Americans was so admirably retorted upon themselves, had been the negotiators with that country, God only knows  
where

where the misfortunes of this might have ended. We have the king's word at present for treating with France—but it is a dismal augury of the success of our negotiations, that we persist in blackening and insulting the power we cannot conquer.

The lower orders of the English have always been supposed to feel a sort of natural hatred to the French, from which the higher were thought to be exempt. This disposition seems in some degree to be now reversed.—The English government, dishonoured and beaten down by the arms of France, is inculcating this barbarous prejudice as a species of patriotism. The truth of the charge is undeniable, and the sentiment is in exact keeping with their morality—for it is the characteristic of injustice never to forgive those it has injured. Instead of cherishing this aversion, if they loved their country better than their places, they would study to extinguish it in both nations. All the success and all the glory which wise states can desire, are perfectly compatible with the mutual amity of France and England ;—but settled into a rooted rivalry, the globe is not big enough for their animosity. Let the doctrines of the English ministry survive the war, and though a peace were signed to-morrow, the temple of Janus will soon be opened again—opened perhaps, until one of the two is blotted out of the list of independent nations.

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## THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

To repeat one of my axioms—I say that the English government should have made a virtue of necessity, and have “surveyed the revolution with complacency;” considering that event as a mere subject of strict speculation:—but that it was doubly their duty to adopt this course, when, in truth, the first measures of emancipated France, confirmed it as the soundest practical wisdom.

Aware of the ambitious intriguing nature of the Bourbon despotism—aware of the odium it entailed upon their country, the representatives of the people of France, as the first fruit of their freedom, did solemnly proclaim in the face of the world as the fundamental principle of their new system, “*never again to wage a war of conquest!*”

Here was a declaration which, of all the governments of Europe, the English should have accepted with most ecstasy. This should have been their policy, whether this grand maxim of the new order of things was true or false. If true, the peace of England, under wise counsels, was insured by it; for the rest of Europe united  
durst

durst not navigate a cutter against the wish of France and England. If false, the imposture would be visible to mankind, and could not fail to bring the detestation of all nations upon the new government, for such consummate hypocrisy. But let this declaration pass, as a mere string of words, too loose and general to gull the crafty caution of our statesmen! Presently occurred an event, as if Providence had contrived it for the very purpose, of enabling the English ministry to try the sincerity of the political philosophy of France.

The reader remembers, indeed what Englishman can ever forget? the affair of Nootka Sound in the year 1790.

The king of France, whose cause has cost this country in the last four years, so many thousands of lives, so many millions of money, and more than ten thousand millions worth of honour—the king of France, demonstrating his hereditary hatred to England even in the last convulsions of his authority, would have fallen upon us at that moment,—*if he could*. Every body knows how the queen, and the Austrian cabal that ruled the French cabinet at that time, intrigued, in order to light up the flames of war between France and England upon that occasion. The chief object of the French court was to stifle the revolution, under the pretence of supporting the family compact. I am speaking of things capable of juridi-

cal proof. The king of France demanded twenty ships of the line, to support his ally the king of Spain. The national assembly took the family compact into consideration, and abrogated *the offensive part of it*, making a general declaration of supporting Spain, if it appeared that she was unjustly attacked; but seeing the country upon the eve of a war with the very power they had most cultivated throughout the revolution, that assembly cut up by the roots the cause of similar danger for ever after. With a majesty worthy of the vast empire they represented, and with a wisdom never surpassed by any legislative body since the beginning of the world, they deprived the *man* of the dreadful power of involving the *million*, and rent from his hands for ever the *prerogative* of war!

It was in this memorable case of Nootka Sound, that the stupendous prerogative of *war* was taken from the king of France:—an act which was deemed by wise men at that moment, to have done more for the peace of Europe, than all the theories of philosophers and all the labours of politicians, for centuries!

Of the further sincerity of the French upon this grand point of never waging wars of *ambition*, there is no opportunity of judging, for they never had any fair play. The flagitious conspiracy of Pilnitz brought the gang of tyrants upon them, and those tyrants alone are answerable for the consequences.

sequences. It is frightful, without doubt, to see the increased dominion of that state ; but if there be any justice under heaven, it is that France, should exact “ indemnity” for the commission, and “ security” against the repetition of such unmatched outrage !!

“ Some states are born to conquests, but France “ has conquests thrust upon her.” After the possession of Lombardy, it is notorious that General Buonaparte discouraged every disposition of the natives to revolutionize the country, resting in the expectation of proposals for peace. His Italian territories were still sure to be restored to the Emperor, if the noxious influence of the English government had not persuaded him to break the armistice upon the Rhine. Every previous stage of the war furnished a better opportunity for peace than the succeeding. Every delay became more and more destructive, and every delay was British. British influence ruined the King of Sardinia, the Italian states, and the Stadtholder. By vomiting out the poison of British influence, Spain and Prussia have saved themselves. The neutral states were all bullied by the English government, to force them into the coalition ;—but they braved the power which they must now despise ; and by avoiding the infection of British politics, they have preserved peace and happiness. No comet carries in its tail such sure destruction, as the pestilent principles of this administration.

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I say then that the national assembly gave all the assurance which in the nature of things was possible for one country to give of its sincerity to another. A solemn declaration confirmed by a positive act. Is it possible that this event could have passed without impression upon the English ministry? That it produced no public testimony of their gladness or gratitude is quite certain. And whence this insensibility? To this question the only answer can be conjecture. It looks as if the ministry balanced the business according to their own system of computation. The event was an auspice to British politics, but a sad omen to the craft that deals in them. Perhaps the ministry imagined that they lost more by the principle, than they gained by the point. One thing is certain, that all descriptions of corrupt men have been uniformly hostile to the French revolution, in common, unquestionably, with others upon whom no such suspicion can attach.—

From the first moment of that event, every thing was cold and distant from England. The French king between the commencement of the revolution, and his final overthrow, had two constitutional administrations. All his administrations were obliged to conform to the popular humour; —and the contrast was curious between the frank-

ness

ness and conciliation of the French ministers; the fastidiousness and repulsion of the English in their official commerce.

Every written document from the French government to this court up to the breaking out of the war, breathed nothing but good will, and an eagerness for the friendship of England; while an imperious air, a civility ungracious and almost insulting, truly characterized the answers. The supercilious treatment of the French ambassador, the sportive sarcasms, the gay ridicule of the English drawing room, that happy scene of wit! full rival to Marc Anthony's court at Athens! all these circumstances were as well known at Paris as in London. It was the *haut ton* of the court to scandalize the revolution in every part of it. "They scattered firebrands and said 'twas in jest!"

This disposition was manifest even upon the most trifling occasions—not that the instance I am about to mention is so very trifling. The French nation altered the title of their first magistrate. They called him King of the French. Under this designation he proclaimed himself to all the courts of Europe, and in this name he was recognized by every neutral state, except England. Lewis XIV. refused to name the Prince of Orange according to the title conferred upon him by the English revolution. For this refusal England declared war, and forced the tyrant to acknowledge the title—but the Prince who now fills the throne  
of

of England, in virtue of the English revolution, could not abide the revolutionary name of “ King “ of the French.” The King of the French was only known to him by deeds of kindness and good neighbourhood, but the Most Christian King tore America from his diadem and raised the national debt of his people to near three hundred millions sterling.—By this loving name did his servants persuade King George the Third to call Lewis XVI. to the last moment of his life, and *by no other.*

A conduct more serious and more decisive in its relation to France is now at hand.

Whether the tenth of August 92 was a day of honour or of guilt for France is no British consideration. Attempts have been made in this country to assimilate the tenth of August with the diabolical second of September; although it is well known that the Gironde party, who gloried in the former, have lost their lives upon the scaffold for endeavouring to punish the authors, and to vindicate France from the unperishable disgrace of the latter transactions. But between these two events there is no similitude, nor can any be imputed except by the most stupid prejudice or the most hopeless malignity.

In human crimes such another instance of cruelty and cowardice cannot be found as the murders of September—while the page of history cannot shew a display of heroism beyond the  
resistance

resistance first made, and the final victory obtained, by the people over the Swiss guards on the 10th of August.\*

It is true that some ferocious wretches committed dreadful atrocities upon flying individuals at the close of the scene on the 10th of August—but the real conquerors of the king's guards became their protectors upon subduing them, and with their own bodies covered the few that remained, into a place of safety, from the furies that rushed in when the battle was over. It is however indifferent to the present purpose what sense may be entertained of the 10th of August,—but compassion and not argument is due to those, if there be any, who think that France could survive the war, if Lewis XVI. had managed it. That hell scroll, (which even its nominal author in his personal and political character has disavowed) the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, told the French nation what they had to expect ; and separated the

\* The first volley from the Swiss guards covered the place de Carouzel with dead bodies—and it was over heaps of slain in the interior court, that the people entered the palace. Whoever has seen the spot can alone conceive the carnage of the citizens, mowed down from every door and window of that vast building, by the military. How very like this to the detailed butchery, one by one, of the unhappy prisoners in September?

court entirely from the people. The people then resolved that the court should not conduct the war,—and by that resolution they saved their country.

“ *At fessi tandem ciues infanda furentem*

“ *Armati circumstant, ipsumque domumque,*

“ *Obtruncant socios; ignem ad fastigia jactant:*

“ *Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria justis:*

“ *Regem ad supplicium præsentì marte repossunt.*”

(I do not wonder that the English ministry sympathized with the French court upon the circumstances that provoked the 10th of August. The principle that deprived the king of France of his crown upon that day was precisely the principle of the British cabinet, throughout the whole of the famous contest between the Crown and the Commons in the year 84. The merits of either the India bill—or of the two decrees respecting the clergy and the formation of a camp near Paris, are foreign to the question. The cases were; that the secret advisers of both princes counselled their respective sovereigns to stand upon the ground of strict right—a memorable proof how compatible is a violation of the vital spirit of a constitution with a strict adherence to its letter—and an exemplary instance of the madness of opposing prerogative to popular privilege in the exercise of any branch of royal authority !!

We

We have no confidence in your ministers said the English house of Commons. The king of England *stood upon his right*. We demand your assent to these two decrees said the legislative assembly. The king of France *stood upon his right*. All Paris went in procession to the Thuilleries on the 20th of June to induce the court to yield to the assembly—the king *stood upon his right*. The commons of England went in formal cavalcade several times to St. James's imploring the king to listen to their wishes. *The king stood upon his right*. The government of this country was degraded to a domestic concern, and the right contended, in *express words*, of appointing or dismissing a minister of state, like a groom or butler. In France, even while the tenets of the demolished despotism were still fresh and reeking round the throne, no one ventured to *avow* such a principle, though it was carried into actual effect. Both princes were guided by secret advisers in contempt of their ostensible ministers, and both dismissed their respective administrations in pointed repugnance to the representative body in both countries. Fox and the Duke of Portland were turned out here, Pitt and Lord Liverpool called in. Roland and Claviere were dismissed and Breteuil and Delessart appointed there. In England the experiment succeeded—and the king is the idol of the people! In France it lost the king his crown and finally his life!!)

Upon the whole a full conviction of the treason of the court produced the 10th of August. The king is deposed, a convention called and the administration so lately dismissed by the king, re-appointed. That vast country as by electric impulse reverberates one feeling. The Duke of Brunswick, almost at the gates of Paris is chased out of the country, and forth from the moment of the king's overthrow, the success and glory of the French arms are the wonder of the world. It is with truth then I say that pity alone is due to the man who doubts that the tenth of August saved France; yet upon this event it was that the English government recalled its ambassador.

I have said that the merits of the tenth of August are exclusively a French consideration; and the English ministry seemed in some degree to think so; for one of the reasons they alledge for this extraordinary measure is to shew their neutrality! There was no countryman of mine in the cabinet, though they recal their ambassador *to shew their neutrality!*—The cloven foot however appears even in the same note of office, mixed with some more Irish reasoning—they denounce France “with the indignation of Europe” in case any violence is offered to the King,” at the very moment that *they “disclaim all interference in its internal concerns.”*

The day Lord Gower was recalled from Paris, the English war began.

Never

Never shall I forget the words of Brissot upon this occasion. It happened to me to have been in Paris for a few days soon after the recal of Lord Gower, and to have dined sometimes in this gentleman's company, who seemed a man of frank character, knew England and its language very well. He said " he never despaired of the duration  
 " of the peace with England until the recal of the  
 " English ambassador. That the French were  
 " well aware of the hostile disposition of the  
 " English ministry from the beginning of the re-  
 " volution; they had hopes however that the un-  
 " provoked injustice of such a measure would pre-  
 " vent the accession of England to the coalition;  
 " but the recal of the ambassador and sending no  
 " one to replace him, was too clear an explanation  
 " of the Hanoverian minister's conduct at the diet  
 " of Ratisbon, who appeared more as a factor for  
 " the Duke of Brunswick's army, than the envoy  
 " of a power, which had repeatedly promised its  
 " neutrality!"

Indeed the impression upon France of this measure of the English ministry was perfectly uniform.—Yet the French government was so anxious for peace with England, that they used all expedients to fix its neutrality. In the last official note to Lord Gower, the French counsel expresses the utmost regret at his lordship's departure; and the famous declaration of the legislative assembly, just before its expiration, though addressed gene-

rally to Europe was in reality designed for England; in consequence of the fears excited by the departure of the English embassy. A masterpiece of Condorcet, published at the same time called “ a parallel between the French and English revolutions,” was directed entirely to this measure, and exposed with incomparable reasoning the notable dispatch of Mr. Dundas to Lord Gower.

There is something in the evidence of sense more powerful than all the authorities in the world. If all the arguments upon the cause of the war were as much in favour of the English ministry, as they are decisively against them, still from what *I saw* in a few months sojourning there in the year 92, I feel the most riveted conviction, that of all external advantages the French coveted most the friendship of England, and feared as the greatest of all evils its hostility. To secure every attention and politeness at all hours and under all circumstances it was sufficient to be English. And their eagerness to conciliate England exposed them even to derision. Nay the very pretext of the English ministry, the reception of some addresses from England by the convention, originated in the complaisance of the French to every thing English. How came *that* to be a crime in 92, which passed without an observation during the three preceding years? Addresses from various parts of these three kingdoms had been repeatedly presented for the first three years of the revolution

to the national assembly, without a murmur on the part of the English ministry or Lord Gower.

Why was the government silent upon the resolution moved by Mr. Sheridan, and sent to the national assembly in the year 90? Was it a terror that his high spirit would have compelled them to regorge their libels, if they ventured any against him, who never propounded a principle nor uttered a sentiment upon public affairs that was not in the vital essence of the English constitution? If the act was wrong, so shining a man should have been called to account for it. If right, its policy should have been adopted, and good humour cultivated as a maxim of the government. —To their bitter cost, they now know, that had they pursued the principle of that short resolution, the funds of this country had been now at par, five millions of annual taxes saved to the people, the slaughter of our countrymen and fellow creatures prevented, and England the most happy and flourishing region of the globe.\*

The

\* During the agitation of the Nootka Sound affair, when many of the best friends to the liberty and peace of England, dreaded a war with France from the intrigues of the French court, at a meeting of Westminster electors, Mr. Sheridan was requested to propose a resolution at a great assembly of the people, which was advertised for the 14th of July following. This resolution, transmitted afterwards by the noble chairman, to the Duke of Rochefoucault, then president of the constituent

The guilt then of these addresses consisted in the *terms*. A reasonable distinction I admit;—and far am I indeed from justifying all the stuff presented to the convention in 92. But where was the English ambassador at such a critical moment, whose lightest word must have stopt such impertinence in the bud? *There* was the salient source of all the mischief. It was not Lord Gower himself;—the meanest of his servants in the character of an envoy, must in one moment have put an end to these absurdities.

—Well, but the contents of the addresses denoted their offence to the English government—*indeed!* Though the embassy was called away in the manner we have seen;—though the creatures of the English ministry were in the daily habit of insulting the French nation; though the French were in total darkness how to square their conduct to please the English ministry, who disdained all communication with them: though the facility of access to the bar of the French assemblies has exposed them

tuent assembly, was supposed to have had a very happy effect at that very critical epoch.—and was in substance “an expression of satisfaction at the amity and good will which appeared to pervade the French nation towards England; and a hope that nothing would interrupt the harmony which then subsisted between them, so essential to the freedom and happiness of both countries.”

to volumes of ridicule ; though hundreds of addresses were received and cast aside every day, like waste paper, the English ministry, forsooth, expected that the convention with half Europe upon their backs and the poniards of Marat at their breasts, would sit down to analyze every address whether in broken English, or barbarous French, that poured in upon them without mercy or meaning. !

What a reasonable expectation !—If the reception of these persons had been the most studied offence to the English government ; instead of being shadows that left no impression and excited no regard, the English ministry are alone responsible. Had their ambassador been at his post in Paris, the first of these addresses must have been the last.

Never did man labour more to preserve the peace of two countries, than Mr. Chauvelin ;—but what success could he have with men who were resolved not to be satisfied ? The conduct of Mr. Chauvelin and Lord Grenville in their epistolary intercourse is an epitome of the two governments. On the one side appear an eagerness to know the grievance, and an anxiety to explain it. On the other a sulky suppression of the cause of complaint, and a morose boorish predetermination not to be content. The one writes with a vivacity which is conscious of no offence, and an impatience for shaking hands ; the other with a  
churlish

churlish snarling growl, which fancies some interest in leaving the cause of dispute ambiguous, and a clownish dislike to any reconciliation. At length Mr. Chauvelin is turned out of the country, on account of an event, which, though calculated to move the sorrow of every tender breast, was yet no object of cognizance for a British statesman.

No stranger to the blood of the unhappy King of France could have lamented his fate more than the author of these sheets—but I shall for ever deny that England had any pretence of right to revenge his death, or interfere in any shape in the domestic concerns of his country. The ministry dismissed Mr. Chauvelin however immediately upon the king's death—which death, in my conscience, I believe they hastened and *wished*.

In every view of their conduct upon this occasion, this inference forces itself. They considered the French convention either as men of sense and humanity;—as a band of blood thirsty ruffians, or as a mixture of both. Since the beginning of the world there was never heard such a torrent of abuse as the ministry loaded France with from the beginning of the sessions of Parliament on the 13th of December 1792 to the king's death on the 21st of January after. Could they think that *such* a file was the most likely to influence men of humanity and sense, or that it was the best mode to mollify the tygers of September?

Survey the conduct of the English opposition upon this melancholy business.

A day was set apart on purpose in the house of Commons with a view to avert if possible the dreadful danger of this unhappy prince. Mr. Fox (followed in the same stile by all the leading men on that side of the house) gave reasoned opinions, that it was for the honour and interest of France, to spare the king's life, expressing those sentiments with exquisite feeling, but with perfect moderation. If I had no personal knowledge of those speakers—If I did not well know how richly they are stored with the milk of human kindness, their conduct upon that day had left no doubt of their ardent wish to rescue the unhappy victim—Mr. Pitt on the contrary vented himself against the convention and the country, in a strain of the most loud, coarse, scurrilous and vehement invective that tongue ever uttered.

Do I wrong the gentleman? My eyes saw him. My ears heard him, and my understanding put this question. *Can this man be in earnest to save the devoted King?* I believe he was quite in earnest for his own purpose, namely, to whet the rancour of a goodly people, (who will I hope never shed the blood of man for evil speculations) against France, which he had long meditated to attack, and of which meditation, the recal of Lord Gower was, as Brisot asserted, but too decisive an indication.

If the decree of fraternity had never issued from its tin brained\* author. If no English address had ever been received by the convention, the war was certain.

Who can forget the bugbear put forth in November 92? The parliament called in, the militia called out, the fortification of the tower of London, and all the other absurdities played off at that juncture with so much effect, and such contempt of truth and decency. The trading interest of London at Merchant Taylors Hall gives the minister a *carte blanche* in his military enterprises. At that meeting were many persons whom I sincerely regard, but I shall for ever think they were a main engine in promoting the present war; and I know of no punishment now for their conduct, but that which appeared to be the proper remedy at the time—a strait waistcoat.†

Calumny upon calumny, outrage, abuse and imprecation were heaped together upon the

\* Cambon has been twice trepanned.

† It is but candour to exculpate the majority of this meeting from any worse imputation than error in judgment—but the promoters of it, and the agitators in it, those mischievous money jobbers, the ready instruments of every war-minister, who thrive upon the public calamity, and riot in the ruin they have themselves conducted to bring upon the country.—Those, indeed, deserve no such tenderness. There is no subject more worthy of a separate and distinct discussion than the misfortunes entailed upon this country by the avarice and servility of this class of persons.

French in one undistinguished mass. To treat with such people “ would be degrading the honour of the country” said the minister. “ It is a direct blow at the head of the King of England” said Mr. Burke. “ Sooner than treat with them I had rather we were first beaten and have for our excuse that we could not help it” said Mr. Windham. (What think you now, Mr. Secretary at War?)—The man who strove to still this phrenzy ; the man whose name would go with glory to after times, if all his public merits were confined to his opposition to this epidemical war, raised his voice against this mischievous madness—and cried *negotiate!* “ If all you say of France was true, still *negotiate*. You have nothing to do with their conduct at home. If you fight on till the present generation is ‘ killed off,’ you must in the end negotiate. Negotiate *now then* before you have lost a life or risked a shilling. After all this lofty imperious contempt you must come to negotiation in the end.”

“ ——— Tell her though she paint an inch thick

“ To this complexion shall she come at last.”

—It was all in vain ; this very person, (almost in danger of being stoned in the streets, for obstructing the blessings of the present war, which was to be the grand panacea for all distempers internal and foreign) was obliged to defend himself

“ from the imputation of his virtues” in a printed address to his constituents at Westminster.

“ Though all was then apocrypha—his wit,

“ In time to come shall pass for holy writ.”

That pamphlet should be chalked before the door of the minister, that a constant monument of his guilt might stare him in the face ; for no evil has befallen his country, which that pamphlet and its author had not warned him of, in due time !

He did so, not from prescience or preternatural gifts ;—but because the minister’s proceedings being in direct repugnance to common sense, all that has happened is the natural effect of such conduct.

To this hour no human being can tell for what purpose we went to war at all. The question has been asked in ten thousand shapes, and no intelligible object ever specified. For myself I never was at a loss for the true motive. The true motive I never doubted to have been a hatred to liberty, disguised under the patronage of law, order, and religion ; and that the multiplied embarrassments of France at that moment, presented a tempting hope of destroying it for ever.

Unlike the heroic war of William III. against a domineering tyrant, our William IV. aimed a blow with imagined security, in the true spirit of Glenalvon—in the spirit of a skulking coward who  
fell

fell on when his antagonist was struck by another.

“ The villain came behind her—but she slew him.”\*

“ INDEMNITY FOR THE PAST AND  
“ SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE!”

This pithy sentence is all that the English ministry ever eked out of their projects in this frantic enterprize. Before one hostile act took place, though pressed in a thousand modes to it, they disdained to state any grievance or define any redress, but whatever might be collected from these loose words.

“ INDEMNITY FOR THE PAST AND  
“ SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE.”

—O! fatal war creed of the British government. *They* to talk of “ indemnity and security”—The raggedest knave without breeches, whom the French directory could pick up in the purlieus of St. Antoine, and dub with the name of a negotiator, would turn Lord Malmesbury, though stuck over with stars and strings out of doors, if such words were even glanced at as the preliminaries of peace!

What is now become of the famous and once fashionable axiom, “ that if the French emigrants were not restored, Englishmen of property were undone!?” Prostrate before triumphant France

our administration must drink such bitter draughts of shame and ignominy as the insulted government of that country shall in its discretion administer to them. The former haughtiness, oppression and insolence of the English minister will be stumbling-blocks at every progress he makes in negotiation. Mortification to himself and ruin to the nation meet him at every step. He can neither carry on nor close the war without danger to his country, nor make peace without disgrace to himself!

In what a situation is this country placed?

Shall it be borne that the very minister who, *by only asking for it*, had it in his power to keep France within her ancient limits without the loss of one drop of blood, or one guinea—Holland safe, Germany safe, Italy safe. Good God! to what a pitch of baseness is England brought, how totally extinct is all sensibility to national honour, if this very minister is to propose to a British house of Commons, after the waste of a hundred millions of money and perhaps five hundred thousand lives, to extend the French frontier from Dunkirk to Maestricht—from Landau to Dusseldorf—from the Rhone to the Po; to strip the emperor of the low countries; to exile and annihilate the unhappy stadtholder.—If all this *be* necessary as our peace-offering for national existence, in the name of heaven, let us be saved from that last of infamies,—That  
the

the very man who brought this ruin upon us, should be the proposer of its ratification !

The popular causes of the war then, it is evident were mere pretences. If a French corn-ship had never been seized in our ports—Had the French ambassador never been driven out of this country—still the French government would have been justified in beginning hostility long, long before they actually did so.—But to reproach France with *commencing* the war from having first formally declared it, is quite despicable ! It is like accusing a man of murder for shooting a robber who is pulling the trigger.

A drowning man will indeed catch at a straw. Nothing, surely, but being overwhelmed and gasping for life in the whirlpool, where they have ingulphed themselves, could induce the English ministry to bring the iniquities of Robespierre in aid of their defence. The unfortunate deputies whom that human-tyger devoured in Oct. 93, were sometimes accused by their butchers, of declaring war against England. They were accused too of a design to put the crown of France upon the brows of the Duke of York ;—of a plan to federalize the country ; and to restore the Bourbons all in a breath :—in short of every incongruous charge which infuriated tyranny could conjure up, to put a gloss upon the murder of men, whose real crimes were their genius, their learning, and their desire to punish the perpetrators of the Sep-  
tember

tember massacres. Yet, is the villainy of Rober-  
spierre often called by their abettors to the cha-  
racter of the English ministry: a testimony which  
is worthy of such a cause!

“*Matre pulchra filia pulchrior!*”

## EFFECT OF THE MINISTER'S SYSTEM UPON FRANCE.

THE manœuvres which I have sketched so  
slightly, have excited exactly such feelings in the  
French nation as are appropriate to reasonable  
and sensitive beings.

It is true, that voting a man “an enemy to  
“the human race” is mere nonsense as to the vote  
—but such a fact declares the sentiment that pro-  
duced it, very forcibly. Besides considering Mr.  
Pitt as the systematic enemy of their liberties for  
three years,\* before the war began, he is con-

\* The friends of La Fayette in charging upon Mr. Pitt's in-  
trigues the cruel captivity of that general, have accounted for it  
upon a principle of revenge. Mr. La Fayette, as they assert,  
had in his letters and conversations roundly accused the English  
minister of secretly thwarting the progress of the revolution,  
from its commencement.

felſed to have been the recruiting ſerjeant of Europe againſt the French ever ſince he joined the coalition. There is not a neutral power which he has not attempted to beguile or threaten into the confederacy. To Mr. Pitt more than to all their other enemies combined, the French attribute every calamity they have ſuffered for the laſt four years. That war, which, by raging in the bowels of their country and ſhedding rivers of French blood by the hands of Frenchmen, they conſider as the moſt inhuman of all the attacks made upon them, the war in the weſt—is imputed ſolely to the Engliſh miniſter.

—(O ! that I had your powers, Mr. Burke ! to invoke the indignation of God and man againſt the plotters of the Quiberon ſacrifice—where ſome of the braveſt ſpirits that ever animated the human form, were led like lambs to the ſlaughter, for Britiſh experiments.

And what is the excuſe ?—that “ many of the “ emigrants thought the expedition to Quiberon “ a proper meaſure.”—Good God ! and ſome of theſe very miniſters were miniſters alſo in the American war. *They* might well have remembered the miſfortunes brought upon this country by the ſchemes of emigrants ! The ſchemes of emigrants have ſometimes been found to originate in avarice, in ambition, in treaſon ; but, if prompted by the moſt unſpotted virtue, what ſort of a go-

vernment is that, which will not still the zeal of such frantic projectors? The Bishop of Dol's\* famous paper, transmitted to France in this atrocious expedition, (many thousand copies of which, printed in London, made a part of M. De Puisfaye's ammunition,) was ten thousand times more absurd than even the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick; and indeed what other could befall such an expedition, than its actual destiny?

\* That modest veracious minister Lord Grenville, in the debate on the sixth instant, denied the assertion of the late president of the council, that the English government contended for the restoration of monarchy in France. To say nothing of the proclamation at Toulon, what said this paper which may be called the proclamation of M. de Puisfaye? He talked of nothing else but monarchy and of what sort? Hear their own words. “ Que le même que Dieu est independant, par lieu même & “ par sa nature, de même aussi le Roi est independant a l'égard “ de ses sujets & sous les ordres de Dieu, qui seul peut lui de- “ mander compte de l'usage qu'il fait de son autorité”—to wit, “ that as God is independent of himself and by his nature, so “ is the King independent with respect to his subjects, and under “ the commands of God, who alone can demand an account “ of the use which he has made of his authority.”

One more sample of this Quiberon state paper will satisfy the reader. Speaking of dead republicans it says. “ Leurs “ ames abominables sont allés dans les enfers, etonner les “ demons.” “ Their abominable souls are gone down to hell “ to astonish the devil.”! !

What say you John Bull? Is not your money well employed?

There

There is not a man of sense in England out of the ministerial pale, who did not think the scheme stark insanity. Did M. Sombreuil think it “a good measure?” than whom a nobler victim has not been immolated all through this war. —His heart-strings torn with love and terror for the dear one he had left in England; though De Puisaye is the nominal object of his indignation—yet both his letters are a sure demonstration, that his feelings were common with those of Charette; whose dying breath vented curses upon the cabinet of England !)

The cabinet of England especially the principal minister in it, is absolutely loathsome to the French. Dearness of provisions, discredit of paper, forgery of assignats (a profligacy proved in a British court of justice), insurrection, rebellion, every misfortune is imputed to Mr. Pitt. Whether each imputation is just, may not be easy to ascertain, but the suspicion is, unquestionably, a fair inference from his own principles. Far from any remorse for fomenting the war in La Vendée, he assumes a merit from it. He “tosses his dung with dignity,” and calls exciting rebellion in that country “increasing the pressure.” Is the supposition far fetched, that a few thousands may as well be sported among the insurgents at the camp of Grenelle, as hundreds of thousands lavished and lost for ever at Quiberon? Indeed without

corrupt influence the conduct of some of the French journals is utterly unaccountable.

Let us judge of Frenchmen by the rules of human nature.

What a hue and cry is heard at the surmise of French fraternization, or of any distinction being attempted between the English people and the government; but it appears a pious and moral system to carry fire and sword into the heart of France, and parcel out the country among our allies.—If any fair dealing is allowed in calculating the sensations of the French. If that universal maxim of “doing as we would be done unto” is not excluded by the barbarism of our bigotry against that country. If we look at life, and draw our deductions from humanity, I ask the reader, *what sentiments* he should entertain of such a minister, or even of his country, if that country avowed him?

But as to the mere act of *treating*—the ready transmission of the late passport was not necessary to inform any one, who considered the subject well, of their probable predilection. If the French really cherish a vital enmity against this country, of all the men in it, Mr. Pitt must be the individual they would wish, as being the best suited to their views. What description of minister so likely to answer their purpose, as the very person who four years since would not breathe  
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the same atmosphere with a French envoy—as the very person who would not dishonour any Englishman with French negotiation; who so far from discussing conditions of peace, would not descend to ask them even a question—yet who has been so lately hunting about for a letter of recommendation, that he may to repeat his own ominous words, “ lay England at their feet and supplicate such terms as their clemency may grant.” *Tel-lephus et Peleus, &c.*

—Such a minister beaten and degraded, whose terse shame at this moment can only be exceeded by his contemptuous sesquipedalities four years ago, is the very man they must prefer! The king—not the queen—of Spain had rather, I suppose, have parted with the Duke of Alcudia, than with St. Domingo; and not a doubt can be entertained, that a single word from France had brushed away the court minion; but of all the men from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, *he* was the Spaniard for the French directory! The Duke of Alcudia made the war. The Duke of Alcudia makes the peace. Behold then a spectacle which speaks the negotiator—the younger branch of the house of Bourbon uniting its forces with “ the regicides ” of the elder; and one half of Lewis XIV.’s posterity exterminating the other half. If France be in reality implacable against England, of all living men Mr. Pitt is the person for their business; and I can safely foretell, that, after ha-  
ving

ving been their demon of discord through the war, he will assuredly turn out another *Prince of the Peace* to them, in the treaty!

But if the directory are in earnest for a permanent pacification with the people of England—if their plan be not to wrap their wrongs from the British government in deep remembrance, (*alta mente repostum*) until their repaired resources enable them to fall upon this country single-handed—if a sincere and cordial harmony is their wish, founded upon broad benevolence, and a full conviction that the world, large enough for both their objects, “is made for Cæsar and for Titus too,” then undoubtedly it is a logical conclusion, that their choice of English administrations could not be *that*, which they accuse of being barbarous in hostility, and treacherous in neutrality. If the directory wishes to nourish a hatred in the people against England, they will be eager for the duration of that ministry here, whose *very name* will be nutriment to French antipathy; whose intrigues will be supposed to stir up every commotion that may spring in their new government:—and whose political sway in this country, cannot fail to be the source of constant jealousy and endless suspicion in that.

An armed truce may suit their views of future revenge upon England, but would be a thousand times more destructive to us, than even the war itself.—How long we may stand the present contest,

test, how soon it may bring irretrievable ruin upon us, I do not know—but this is quite clear to me ; that, without a *perfect peace*, without a thorough establishment of good humour, without a mutual desire to eradicate mutual acrimony, and a common zeal to extinguish national ambition, even *the war* is better than stopping it, only until France, proverbial in quick recovery from military ravage, should renovate her marine now so reduced, (in part by the bravery of our navy, in part by the treason of Toulon) and fall upon us with that undivided exertion of all her faculties, which (without the authority of the late Lord Mulgrave, who asserted its fatality, whenever it happened;) is *such a prospect*—as I had rather not discuss.

However, without considering farther how far this administration may be agreeable or suitable to France ; let us see how far they are proper negotiators for England.

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## EFFECT OF THE MINISTER'S SYSTEM UPON ENGLAND.

IN the total incertitude of the true causes of this war, its supporters have assigned as different motives to it, as their interest or fancies suggested. Among many other reasons it has been called a war to protect the constitution against French opinions, and to suppress sedition. This country, like all countries, contains perhaps some disaffected persons. Upon the surface of society there will always be a floating portion of individuals, without families, fixed residence, or occupation, who might rejoice at any confusion—confusion being the proper element of their hopes. In England there are such.—There are such in every nation. Here too I am far from disputing there may be some persons enamoured of French principles and disposed to propagate them.—That any considerable number however of the people of England, are dissatisfied with the sound liberty of the genuine English constitution is an assertion falsified by inquiry, in proportion as the inquiry has been strict and rigorous.

But for the sake of argument let us admit the libels against the people to be true.—In that case,  
the

the man should be sent to bedlam, who imagines the safety of the constitution augmented, or the malignants diminished, by the war. The maniacs who engaged in it were importuned in due time, to reflect on the inefficacy of combating opinions with steel and gun powder; and surely to believe that unexampled defeat abroad has strengthened the constitution at home, or that discontent has been removed by increasing the cause of it, supposes the human mind to be turned upside down.

The striking features of this administration form a curious subject of observation in a variety of views. A good government is demonstrated in the *prevention* of crimes, a bad one in their *punishment*. Let private life be libelled;—inundate the land with a deluge of immorality and personal scandal! This is nothing—but for political speculations, imprisonment or exile! In contradiction to all reason, policy, philosophy, knowledge of life, and common sense, their never failing ready remedy for every thing which they choose to denominate political offence, is *punishment*—though the history of the world cannot furnish an instance where the manners of a country have been altered, or any popular passion obliterated, by such a botcher of reformation as *punishment*. It would not be easy to decide whether husbandmen and manufacturers decrease more rapidly than spies and soldiers augment. One

portion of the community is hired to beat down the other, and barracks spring up like the armed men of Cadmus. The tortoise which our ministerial mathematicians place under our system, is a standing army. The war secretary threatens "a vigour beyond the law," exults that if "he cannot make the citizen dumb, he shall make the soldier deaf," and almost in plain words avows a military government. The English constitution which before rested upon its own sublime principles of justice and liberty, is now made to lean upon its eternal enemy the sword. The vulture that gnawed its liver is chosen to feed it. Instead of the sweet delights and wholesome ecstasies which the native purity of the English constitution was wont to yield, these bawds to its beauty and loveliness, patch it up like a painted prostitute and send it forth to deal out disease and death!

A standing army in time of peace! The law which, in giving it an annual existence, sets its mark against it, will be a reproach to the people; and if the preamble of the mutiny bill is retained, after the establishment of the menaced plan of government, it will surely be the most gross imposture ever practised upon the understanding of a nation!

—There are bodies in matter that cannot incorporate. There are principles in polity that cannot be reconciled. Immortal then be the difference between the persons who affirm that the true constitution

tution of England exists at this moment, and those who have uniformly opposed its innumerable adulterations by the present ministry, especially the two laws of the last year!

It is true the people of England still have the liberty of the press and the trial by jury—objects no doubt of the dearest value, but where is the security for their permanence? In passing the gagging bills of last year, the ministry confessed that those were but part of a series of restraints. The rumour was stated in the house of Commons, that a bill was in reserve which went to the radical subversion of the freedom of the press; and the fact was not denied, though they durst not venture farther in the ferment of that moment. But who will be bondsman that such a bill shall never appear? As to the trial by jury, if we had not seen, how that great right of which it is a part, the *habeas corpus*, may be suspended in a few hours, where is the security that the conditional threat of one of the ministers, of introducing the whole Scotch law of sedition, as they already have the principle, into this country, may not expose the soundest friends of the English constitution to the fate of felons?—Or what is to prevent the introduction of the Irish treason law, which takes the subject's life away *there*, upon evidence that could not touch a hair of his head *here*:—Let these men go on then until, bill after bill, they make the English, as despotic as the Bourbon government;

government; will their slumbers *then* be more serene? When according to this shocking progress, they still have the full terrors of a bastille, and of another Broglio, ready to slaughter his fellow citizens, will they, even under *such* circumstances, be at heart's ease from the fears that now scare them?

—I hope not—and to that divinity who—rejoicing in his welfare, must approve his creature's liberty as the best base of virtue and happiness, my prayer is—that if they follow the example of the Bourbon tyranny, they may share its fortune!!

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WITH respect to French principles, whether they are much diffused in England or not, it seems almost impossible to believe that the government should have ever felt any real terror of what they charged upon them. To suppose that principles, which, according to the representation of their oppugners, inculcate a system of robbery, anarchy, plunder, oppression, assassination and massacre should have infected the mass of the public, is casting a stain upon the English character, that favours as little of prudence or decorum

decorum as of truth or justice. No man *can* believe this, who knows the just, the mild, and merciful nature of an English heart. The inference is then, that if fears are entertained of the general prevalence of new principles among the people of this country, it cannot be upon the supposition of their being wicked, ferocious, and bloody. It is absurd to imagine that any society can embrace doctrines, destructive of all society: for human fitness will be sure to find its own level.

The greatest danger to the English constitution is from its pretended conservators. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* At all events, if discontent or political speculations boded peril *before*, it is mere lunacy to suppose them removed by the war. There is silence indeed, but it is that silence which was truly foreseen by the petitioners from Southwark against the *two bills*. “ If  
 “ these bills,” said the petitioners, “ should pass  
 “ into law, it is our opinion that a fullen calm  
 “ may for a while succeed; but which in the  
 “ end may prove more dreadful than all the sedi-  
 “ tions which are stated as the cause, even sup-  
 “ posing these seditions established by due in-  
 “ quiry, which your petitioners conceive is not  
 “ the fact. The irritation and violence of a  
 “ speaker are apt to evaporate with the oration,  
 “ while the oppressed mind, brooding over the  
 “ griefs

“ griefs it dares not utter, and stifling the anguish  
 “ which consumes it, is likely to burst out in  
 “ some terrible explosion, the effects of which  
 “ may be too late for remedy.”

The present stillness is more awful than public clamour. The moderate party, who have mostly confined their efforts to parliament, look with astonishment at the country, and scarcely know what to do for a people who will do so little for themselves.—But in the *extreme reformers* there is a secret satisfaction, a lurking joy, at every act of the ministry; and especially at the duration of the war!\*

By

\* In the course of last spring, a meeting in Westminster to petition for peace was talked of in some newspapers, though no such meeting was in reality intended; and it was rumoured that a member of considerable sway in the London corresponding society, had abused the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Fox for the supposed intention of convening such meeting. Happening to be acquainted with the gentleman alluded to, and not a little surprised at the report, I made it my business, from mere personal curiosity, to question him as to the fact. The answer I received was literally in these words. “ I was misrepresented. I cast no censure upon Mr. Fox or the Duke of Bedford, whom I highly respect for their late conduct; but I certainly regretted the supposed plan of calling a meeting; and for this reason. I consider the war system as the ruin of the country; and as I am sure that the continuance of the present war, will produce such an alteration of our system, as  
 “ must

By the designation of “ *extreme reformers* ” far from me is the slightest thought of offence. I have no knowledge of this class of politicians, which, as far as it goes, is not in direct contradiction to the fashionable calumnies. My notion is, that an enlightened being ; that any person, who founds his claim to the regard of mankind, upon any species of intellectual distinction, *must* be an enemy to anarchy, blood and plunder, and a friend to order, humanity and law, as a necessary consequence of the premises. It is possible that these gentlemen have the more correct ideas of political liberty. For myself, however, I confess, that I have not strength of wing to seek the liberty of Englishmen beyond the outline of the English constitution. A republic may be the grander institution—but if I were convinced that the republican form was the best for every other nation upon earth ; still I should feel bound upon my own principles to the support of limited monarchy in this country, which is so rootedly attached to that system.

Whether it is yet possible to animate the inert, and to temper the violent, into that middle course, which, avoiding the sad extremes of def-

“ must make it impossible for any corrupt government  
 “ ever to wage another, I certainly did dissuade every person that  
 “ fell in my way, from attending the projected meeting—for I  
 “ do most heartily wish the duration of the war!! ”

potism and licentiousness, stands stoutly upon the true principles of the English constitution, *resolutely determined to restore and re-establish it*, is very doubtful indeed ; but come what come may, whether it succeed or fail, in *that course*, according to my apprehension, lies the true policy of the people of England !

### INCAPACITY OF THE PRESENT MINISTRY TO MAKE A REAL PEACE.

FOR peace or for war the present administration appears unequal to the exigency. A peace at their hands, in my judgment, will be mockery, —and if the war must still go on, we should fight with the whole force of the people, which *they can never wield*. The alarm of invasion is now countenanced by the king in his speech. If there be any real foundation for this fear, why is the country left in the hands of such a ministry ?

The English army is undoubtedly brave, as it ever has been. If our troops have not brought their wonted laurels from the continent, it is owing to the detestable nature of their mission abroad,

abroad, and the wretched government at home, that frustrated their efforts, and made their valour drop dead born. But is it an offensive question to ask, upon what principle more is to be expected from the English army, even supposing every corps in the country down to the city regiments (“that light militia of the lower sky,” which, “prop’d on their bodkin spears,” have no visible existence) to be all veterans; than from the experienced legions of the house of Austria? With all the courage of the French soldiery, with all the genius of their generals, it is impossible to satisfy common sense, that the celerity of their triumphs is not in a considerable degree, attributable to the apathy of the inhabitants in the conquered countries.

How came France invincible to the most formidable invasion recorded in history?—by being an armed people. How is an invasion from France to be resisted?—by an armed people. Why were not Germany and Italy armed then?—the tyrants dared not trust the people. But why is England, which, as yet, is no tyranny, likened to those countries? No—say the ministry, the people are armed.—Their own fears betray the falsehood of the assertion. They know full well that selected factions, accoutred capapee, are not the people. Were the people armed, that suspicious contempt of the enemy, expressed

in the king's speech, on which I forbear any ludicrous remark, would be just indeed.

Powerful as France is, she will never conquer the armed united people of England—but coming, with all her might, upon a country split into parties and torn by discontent; then I should say, may God defend us from the defence of Mr. Windham and his “deaf soldiers.!”

Were the untried bravery of all these corps established beyond the Roman standard, what an abuse both of words and things it would be, to call them the people! “But this selection is necessary, to keep down the disaffected—and the number is fully equal to the danger\*” “When subjects are rebellious upon principle, kings must be tyrants by necessity.”—What sort of a principle is it that stamps a nation rebels? Are Locke and Montesquieu, are all the patriarchs of freedom to be anathematized, while doctrines of servility which the rankest toryism of all past times would reject and spurn, are fulminated with Athanasian infallibility, as the true creed for free Englishmen?

\* The devotion of the armed bodies to the ministry is stated with triumph, upon the ground of their being for the greater part “*dependant upon the government*”—an affirmation which is surely false—for if true, it would be saying more against the English system, than was ever urged, or ever can be urged, by ten thousand Thomas Paynes!

Ireland,

Ireland, for instance, was an armed nation in the late war. Oppressed for ages she complained. The man who may yet save this country, removed the grievance; and all was quiet in a moment. With that skill which distinguishes science from empiricism, he went to the source of the evil and accomplished the cure in a moment.

Every villainy\* was at work against that country,

\* The hypothesis seems not unreasonable, (comparing events and individuals, with posterior circumstances), that there was an early reserve in the mind of Mr. Pitt respecting the liberty of Ireland. His Mentor, the late Mr. Thomas Pitt, whom he has since created Lord Camelford, requested that he might be allowed to second Mr. Fox's motion for the repeal of the 6th of George the First. He did so; but no two speeches, that agreed in the same measure, ever differed more in principle, than those of the mover, and seconder. Much of the stuff which Mr. Pitt let out upon that occasion, may, I fear be very palatable to many of the governors of Ireland, at this moment;—yet, notwithstanding the dearth of civil virtue which marks that miserable country, there is still *one man* (I hope there are many) who will be an impregnable obstacle to the crooked policy of the common enemies of both nations. With but a small portion of personal knowledge I confess that I feel an interest in the character, as all feel in the conduct of that gentleman; who with an eloquence that ranks him with the brightest orators of Rome or London, has (leaving out some slight shades of conduct tinged perhaps with some ambiguity) sustained his country's cause, with admirable fortitude and constancy! If the extreme contempt of the Irish for the parliament, should dispose them to an indifference respecting public transactions; if the growing corruption which debauches away

country, with the same cry that is so often heard now against bodies of men here. “ Ireland “ means to follow the example of America. “ Ireland designs to be a republic ! ”—Be just and fear not, answered the honest minister, whose system is not made up of tricks and devices. In an instant the discontents of four millions of people were hushed into harmony ; and twenty thousand seamen directly voted for the English navy. Though the regular force of Ireland was fighting the battles of England in every quarter of the globe, the enemy durst not land a grenadier in that country—even at the moment that the triumphant fleet of France and Spain had scoured the English channel !

*Such* was the defence of an armed nation. Mark the situation of that country *now*, and behold the difference between a good and a bad administration !

*Divide et impera* said the Roman tyrant. As a principle of government, the country is divided into

so many friends and associates, should reduce this great man to the individuality of his single exertion ; if by the progress of profligacy he should become the only man, with Irish blood in his veins, to stand up for his country’s welfare and honour, I am persuaded he will think there is more true glory even in such a solitary struggle, than in that accumulation of rewards and pageantries, which the desertion of his duty could not fail to shower down upon him—I scarcely need add that I mean Mr. GRATTAN.

factions.

factions. Sect cutting the throat of sect. It is not as in 82, when protestant, catholic and presbyterian embraced each other with one heart—a religious persecution desolates the country; and the ministry of Lord Camden (a man of gentle nature but surrendered to the guidance of a greedy grinding cabal) not unlikely to be classed with the rule of Nero, or Dioclesian!!—

I shrink from the further contemplation of this subject.

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IN England the people must be armed and united, or the country is gone. The plan of deatening the foldier, by immuring him from the citizen (a plan more worthy of a committee from Bedlam sitting in divan at Constantinople, than of an English privy council), must be given up. The people must be united into one body and animated with one soul, an energy and union impossible to be attained by the present administration; whose persecutions have planted an incurable detestation in a very large portion of the community; whose perpetual invasions of the dearest liberties of the people have induced others to consider any success of theirs as triumphs

umphs over the constitution; whose general mismanagement and unexampled disasters are calculated to unnerve the arm of the country by a natural despair of the success of any operations planned and directed by such bunglers!

Had the present war been, in the court cant, the most just and necessary, ever supported by England, instead of the direct reverse of both the one and the other, as I conceive it to be—the national vengeance (if a spark of the antient spirit of the country remained), had long since fallen upon these men, whose internal system is so exact a corollary to their foreign.

Of foreign nations the ill will of the greater number is entailed upon us. Accused by our late allies of treachery, despised by the neutral states for the insolent attempt to force them into the coalition: a detestation in some, a dislike in most, of the continental powers, prevails against this government. Since the league of Cambray, no combination ever disclosed such pointed resentment as the treaty just concluded between France and Spain—and never did enmity appear more natural than in one of the parties—of the provocation of the other we are at present in the dark. The feelings of the Dutch are perfectly consentaneous to those of the Spanish nation; of which their late proclamation is a doleful, decisive proof.

With regard to the Stadtholder, the most deliberate

liberate plot to destroy him, root and branch, could not be more effectual than the conduct of ministry to that ill-starred prince ! Diametrically against the opinion of his wisest friends, they originally cozened him into that fatal war, which hurried him almost in a moment from the head of one of the gayest courts in Europe, to ready furnished lodgings in Pall Mall. Coupling the constitutional jealousy of the Stadtholder's power, which has ever prevailed in that country, with the diffusion of a more enlarged spirit of freedom, of late years ; his bitterest foe could not have pointed out a course more fatal to his prospects of restoration, than dividing his interests from those of the Dutch people, and holding out that *he* was every thing—*they* nothing. His name and authority are said to be prostituted for the purpose of depredation upon his country in every quarter of the globe—and an English minister, with unblushing front, avows the design of *riding home*, as it were, upon our dear ally—in this resembling a parcel of sharpers, who, if strangers fail them, indulge their rapacity upon each other.

“ Like pikes lank with hunger, that miss of their ends,

“ They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.”

I hope the rumour is false that there is nothing so little in fashion here as the unfortunate prince  
of

of Orange ;—although indeed it is quite natural that he should be hated by those who have ruined him!

Without discussing the value of the Cape of Good Hope, or anticipating the terms of a treaty, it may be affirmed with truth, that if honour pervaded our councils—or if the moral feeling of the country had not been perverted by maxims of government very new amongst us, Mr. Dundas had not dared to boast that our “ indemnity “ for the past” was to arise from the plunder of the very people we had forced into this war ; and whose supposed danger made one of the pretences of our first engaging in it. The annexation of the Dutch colonies to this empire, should, under the circumstances of the case, if a decent sense of shame existed, have been declared rather with a shew of grief than gladness. In the perpetration of such an act, one would have expected, at least, some discretion of exterior. The hypocrite that blushes at his crime is not totally devoid of grace. Moderate knavery has sometimes an anxiety about reputation—but consummate turpitude defies appearances.!!

THE duration of the present ministry is an anomaly in politics, and why is it so?—Why is the system of human opinions to be reversed for such men?—Why is their fortune to have no influence upon their power?—In all the ages of the world, miscarriage civil, military, and moral, has determined the situations of mankind. It is not France;—but let me ask, what foreign nation is likely to entertain respect for a country, whose administration is at once a mischief to its interests and a reproach to its spirit.

I should certainly be the first to exclaim against any external interference in the composition of the domestic government of this country—holding very cheap indeed, the well known precedents in the present reign, of displacing and disavowing ministers to please the court of France. It is upon English principles and for English considerations exclusively, that it behoves the national honour and justice, to put some brand upon the author of the national misfortunes.

I should not need to say, to those who know me, that the last thought in my mind would be to affect the life of any thing human. Criminal as I feel the minister to be, I should

even expose my person to shield him from popular violence, if any accident put his personal safety within the protection of so powerless an individual. God be thanked for it, not one life excepting a government spy has been sacrificed (whatever was intended) in this country for any civil offence; though the persecutions have undoubtedly been manifold and the punishments dreadful. Without striking at his life, there are other modes by which a magnanimous nation may set its mark upon a great delinquent, who stands in the way of his country's real peace and true safety! As it has been the study, so it should be made the crime, of the ministry, to have interwoven, as it were, their own destiny with that of the constitution, and to endeavour to identify themselves with the established government of the country. This is the grand grievance respecting external relations which *can* be remedied only by their disgrace; for the *very point* of national salvation depends upon a clear distinction being made between the people of England and the administration—between the first magistrate and his temporary agents! Such a distinction clearly asserted and the majority of the nation fairly vindicated from the iniquities of this baleful system—depressed and reduced as the country is, it may yet be redeemed into safety and restored to honour.

Under such circumstances an honest able minister may hold this language to France.

“ The people of England acknowledge, and

“ never

“ never refused to acknowledge your republic.  
 “ Free themselves they never repined at the free-  
 “ dom of other countries. The people of Eng-  
 “ land abhor the despotism you have overthrown,  
 “ and which was not more oppressive to you, than  
 “ mischievous to themselves. The king of Eng-  
 “ land, in his electoral capacity, has made peace  
 “ with you, and has ever since maintained his neu-  
 “ trality inviolate. A British faction with a lodg-  
 “ ed hatred to the spirit of liberty, has involved  
 “ their country in a common cause with the ty-  
 “ rants that conspired against you. That faction  
 “ is disavowed and branded. No impediment  
 “ now remains to obstruct the peace of the two  
 “ countries. Go on and prosper with your repub-  
 “ lic, or with whatever you please. The people  
 “ of England will never meddle in your domestic  
 “ concerns, and is resolutely determined never to  
 “ admit any interference from you in their con-  
 “ cerns. Let us have such terms as a nation like  
 “ England has a fair right to expect, and we  
 “ will shake hands to-morrow.—But if justice  
 “ and policy are superseded by revenge and am-  
 “ bition—if you are resolved to fight the English  
 “ nation, on account of the guilt of the minister,  
 “ until one of the two countries shall be extin-  
 “ guished—if *delenda est Carthago* be indeed your  
 “ maxim—then I warn you, that the people of  
 “ England will perish in their last gun-boat, or die in  
 “ the extremest ditch of the island, rather than owe

“ their national independence to the mercy of  
 “ any foreign power.”

Such language *could not* be fruitless, if the French directory are the men they affect to be.

If the directory are indeed the faithful servants of their pretended system—of a system which should seek the happiness rather than the aggrandisement of the nation—which should unite liberty with security of property, and equality of civil right with constant submission to the law—the free exercise of the human intellect both in speech and writing with an immutable adherence to order—whose government should be absolute over the multitude and the individual, but obedient to the nation—“ whose executive power, possessing an useful splendour, should always awaken  
 “ ideas of the grandeur of the state, but never of  
 “ the man” whose public functions should be accessible to every citizen, without permitting any individual, or family, or class, to claim peculiar prerogatives or exclusive distinctions, always aiming at the preponderance of virtue and genius—a system which should oblige the legislator and the magistrate to return to the condition of a simple citizen after a short exercise of their authority, without danger of anarchy or peril to public tranquility—whose political œconomy should cherish every species of art and industry, and scrupulously exact the due portion of each individual, differing with the difference of his means, to support

port the national exigence, without injustice or oppression to any person—which should encourage every branch of useful labour and the culture of the sublimest sciences, with equal assiduity—which should regard victory only as the means of peace, and prefer the comfort of the citizen to the glory of the general—which should contrive such a modification of man from the cradle to the grave, as to make it not only the duty, but the interest, of every creature in a vast republic to maintain the social order; and to suppress that licentiousness and tumult which afflicted and finally destroyed the antient democracies!

Whether this picture which I copy from their own drawing shall be a mere vision of the imagination, or actually realised in the new republic, those who profess it as their plan of government, will give the lie in the face of the world to their own principles, if the language I have marked out, should, under the circumstances recommended, be unavailing. It is not in human sophistry to reconcile the Spanish treaty with the professed maxims of the new government, nor is it vindicated upon any general principle. A distinct exception is made for the case—that is to say, for the special purpose of revenging the crimes of the English government—and if the system and the ministers of the English government remain unaltered, the probability is, that the treaty just conclu-

ded with Spain, will serve as a *fac simile* for many more.

I suppose we shall have some virtuous vigorous alliance to oppose to this worse than family compact.—In all probability that of a flagitious tyranny treading under its truly swinish hoofs one of the noblest nations and honestest kings in Christendom—to make an experiment upon British credulity; and, after mulcting the common bubble of European despots, in pursuance of the established precedents, to carry over perhaps its arms to the enemy?

Or shall it be Portugal?—Who shall undertake that our faithful Portugal may not exhibit another faithful copy of the contagious integrity of Mr. Pitt's allies?

At all events, whatever ally, and whether any adhere to us, the course which I have taken the liberty to suggest would produce these two results—it would unite England, and disunite France. France once convinced of the sincerity of England, could not endure, after five years gestation of a war, strictly *pro aris et focis* on her part, to give her enemy that sacred advantage over her, the value of which she so well knows. The presumption is that the people would force their government, if it is really disinclined, to moderation. On the other hand the English nation, satisfied of the fallacy and ambition of the French system, would be animated by one sensation in such circumstances;

cumstances; and high as France stands, let even France look to it,—when she compels the people of this country into a persuasion, that, instead of assisting, as heretofore, the tyrants of Pilnitz, they are now fighting for *their all*.

It is obvious that this language cannot be held by the present minister;—nor by any other, while this ruinous junto is allowed the capacity, by a new back-stairs intrigue, of re-practising upon both England and France the destructive schemes of the last six years.

The conduct of one part of the cabinet is indeed a matter of just wonder. Speculation is confounded at the supineness of the Duke of Portland and Lord Spencer!—whose motives at least, however fatally they have erred, no candid person will be eager to suspect.

I should blush to make even the most distant charge of unworthy motives upon the Duke of Portland, whom I must ever regard with the warmest affection.—It is said that French principles inculcate an oblivion of all friendship and obligation. I hope there are no such principles French or English in the world—at all events I disclaim them.—If the horrible calumny cast upon Condorcet in respect to M. de la Rochefoucault were in any part of it true, I should say that it was the signal justice of heaven that drove Condorcet from human haunts, and made his abandoned body the food of rats and ravens—instead  
of

of being, what I am persuaded he was in fact, the victim of Roberespierre's villainy!

Though no living creature can deplore more than I do, the late politics of the Duke of Portland, never did I doubt that it was "only in a general honest thought" he became one of this unhappy government; but his native candour must shew him, under what disadvantages, even he, so comparatively innocent, must treat with the French. The French know the Duke of Portland's situation as well as the English. They know full well, that he has departed from the tie of a long life of private friendship cemented by the purest public principle and left "the noblest man in all the world" for the purpose of combining with men, whose political crimes he has resisted with so much honour to himself; whose rise to power he has so specifically stigmatised, as subverting the fundamental principles of the constitution; whose subsequent measures he considered as draining, day after day, the life blood of British freedom! and whom it is probable he would be obliged, like Lord Faulkland,\* to attack the moment after he had contributed to their victory

\* Lord Faulkland was a friend to liberty. He hesitated much before he joined the King against the parliament; dreading the triumph of the royal party. Though he accepted the office of Secretary of State, he feared that the King's conduct, in the event of success, would compel him to take part against him.

—and

—and all this for the purpose of carrying conflagration into France, and annihilating the revolution in that country.

By that virtue which I know to be in him, and which, though his new associates may cloud it, nothing can extinguish, I ask the Duke of Portland, whether he does not think that the present administration treats with France under difficulties that augur ruin to the country, and that no other body of English politicians labours under? Does his Grace think that Lord North (notwithstanding his private merits) would have been the fittest negotiator with America? The Duke of Portland scorns, I am sure of it, the power and emolument of his office as motives to public conduct;—I conjure him then by his undoubted love for his country, to relinquish a vain project the pursuit of which has produced so many calamities; and consign to Mr. Windham the practical paradox of supporting Mr. Pitt “on account of his crimes.”

Mr. Windham! However unpleasant it is to use sharp language respecting a gentleman whom one has highly respected, it is impossible to deny that his conduct is the most pure and net apostacy that can be imagined. His friend Doctor Johnson need not be consulted, for the whole of his own ministerial life illustrates the word beyond the definition of philology. Embracing his new faith with a zeal beyond its first professors, and stigmatizing

matizing his ancient friends and principles with rancour surpassing the bitterness of a common enemy, no sycophant from Sir Robert Filmer to Mr. Reeves, ever broached doctrines more directly tending to unqualified despotism, than this former advocate of the liberties of mankind! Of him it may be truly said, that court favor has dropt upon him like vitriol, and “ turned his “ whole mind.”

Never was conviction more luminous upon the mind of man than that which I feel, that neither England or France can ever enjoy tranquility within, or real peace without, while the power to plague them is in the hands or within the reach of the common disturbers of both countries.

As to principles! it is evident that if the ministry adhered to principles, no treaty with the republic is even *possible*. Without entering into the question between them and Mr. Burke, it is demonstrable, even before his work appears, that he and Lord Fitzwilliam have at least the credit of consistency.—And did the late lord lieutenant of Ireland (the honestest and wisest that ever presided in that country) doubt, that his quondam colleagues would play him another slippery trick? Did he indeed think that *their* principles in the crusade, would weigh against their places? Did Lord Fitzwilliam forget the stomach that digested the solemn vote of a Russian war, one day as *sine qua non* of British safety, and as solemn a dereliction

dereliction of it the day after? An ignominious oblivion of all principle upon this point, stares upon the face of all their late measures and missions ;—and who that considered their character, ever doubted they would *treat*, if the nation would suffer it?

But what sort of treaty? I think I might defy the understanding of man to comprehend any system of intercourse, which (reasoning upon common sense) the present ministry *can* establish with France, that must not be a sort of *bellum in pace*, a mitigated warfare in the midst of peace.

For the sake of argument however let us grant that the French is perfectly disposed to trust the English administration. Let us suppose the latter to have renounced every sentiment they have ever uttered respecting the former—as they must do in the event of any treaty. Let us suppose that such recantation satisfies the directory; and that of all Englishmen the largest concessions will be made to Mr. Pitt. Admitting all this to be true, in contradiction almost to certainty, still for *English reasons only*, the life of this ministry even in case of peace—is death to the country.

The noble earl, before alluded to, demanded of ministry in the last session, whether they were prepared for the emigrations, and the consequent importation of French principles which may follow a peace.—I hazard but little in assuring that respectable nobleman, whose own conduct has

greatly conduced to the evil he dreads, that it will not be so much an emigration, as a flight to France. A flight of whole bodies of people,—of thousands of families, and perhaps millions of individuals, in case the system of the ministry prevails. The difference between three thousand miles, and three and twenty miles, is great indeed—and yet the man who thinks that the emigrations to America, in the last four years, are not hurtful to this country, must be a driveller!

If the French government proceed with the same moderation, and regard to property that have marked their career since the establishment of the new constitution, the ranks of every class in this country (placemen alone excepted) must be visibly thinned by this second going forth of the Israelites. The probability is, that the country will be decimated by emigrations, unless it is freed from that bondage, which disgusts perhaps more than it oppresses a true English spirit.

Would the noble Earl know how to guard against French principles, the true defence is British freedom. Let British freedom be broad, and sound, and firm, French theories opposed to it, will be “like sparrow shot against a bastion.” Let him restore the English constitution in its genuine purity, and the noble Lord may rest upon his coronet, in secure defiance of French principles and propagandists! There is a sufficient  
love

love of his native soil planted in the breast of every Briton, to make England the land of his choice, if a benignant government shall embrace its whole people without distinction of religion or sect—and shall present as a front to the paper liberty of France, for as yet it is not much more, the sterling breast-work of true old English freedom.

What sort of a government is that which shall make peace with an enemy only to contend with its own people?! Let any man read the late laws against liberty, observe the barracks, listen to their own system propounded by their own lips, and then judge for himself, of the probable state of this country under a peace negotiated by the present ministry.

In considering a peace establishment, I would rather address myself to the sordidness than the patriotism of a great portion of the public. I blush to think that the number is not small of those, who have an utter disregard to liberty; and with whom the barometer of every good under heaven is the state of the 3 per cents. What the finance scheme of the ministry for the next year is, I know not—whether as rumour states, a forced loan, a limited poll tax, or any other project, which according to custom they have condemned in the French and copied after,—This however is clear, that unless the income is made to quadrate with the expence, there is no talking  
at

at all of resources. Of all modes of increasing the public means, the surest is the retrenchment of establishments—words which must be blotted out of the code of our domestic œconomy.

Here let me call to mind the plan of our enemies. In the late message from the French directory to the war minister they thus express themselves. “ It is the intention of the directory, that from this moment all the territory of the republic, comprising in it the countries united to it, be put upon the establishment of the most profound peace; that the number of troops in the republic be reduced to the simple garrisons of the fortresses; that the service of the interior be performed solely by the national gendarmerie and the sedentary national guards. It is the intention of the directory, that even the slightest vestige of military regime shall be effaced—that the constitutional order shall be uniform throughout the whole extent of the republic, and that the citizens shall approximate by the cares of agriculture, the relations of commerce and the love of the arts.”

—In full belief that the present ministry if their power continues, will force us into a fixed national struggle with France; the ultimate ruin of England may be truly feared from the principle that dictated a measure so auspicious to France in the two grand points of liberty and œconomy, as the message I have just quoted:

when

when set against our plan of barracks, and of transforming the brave citizen soldiers of once free England, into a horde of Janissaries, contemptible for the first time to their enemies ; and terrible only to their unarmed countrymen !

*Let not the slightest vestige of military regime remain,* says the president of the French directory. Up with the barracks—cries the English war minister. “ If we cannot make the people dumb, “ we can make the army deaf.” O ! shocking contrast ! How dismal a prospect for this country ! how brilliant for its enemies ! The power that relies upon force, leaves little doubt of its character. It is the grand land mark in political science, that distinguishes a free government from tyranny. Civil authority loses its name when sustained only by brutal strength ; indifferent in which shape it appears, that of a ragged rabble, or of a band of myrmidons cropped in one fashion ;—instruments alike detestable, whether the watch-words are liberty and equality, or church and king !!

Can any doubt then exist that the war, though ruinous, is better than peace from such men ? It is an abuse of the term if it shall not give two things—first, a reasonable hope of union and satisfaction among ourselves ;—secondly, such a restoration of real good humour with France, as may bury the past in oblivion and furnish a fair hope of future amity ; or, to repeat once more  
the

the phrase of the minister upon a former occasion, “ to shew the world that France and England were designed for other purposes than “ mutual slaughter”—two *great blessings* which I conceive to be morally, I had almost added, physically impossible from Mr. Pitt and his associates.

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## IS A REAL PEACE PROBABLE FROM A CHANGE OF SYSTEM, AND NEW MINISTERS ?

CAN any minister do this great work ? Is it possible for any man to bring all the discordance of this empire into one stream of harmony ? Where is he to be found, who can furnish a prospect of such a peace, as may become us to accept, and give at the same time a reasonable security against French ambition—or failing in that attempt, who shall so wield the strength of England as to defy the utmost power of France ?

The man must be “ sent from God ” who can undertake for the certainty of such effects ; for no agent, merely mortal, can promise it.

But without pretending to infallibility—men still remain among us, whose virtues forbid a total despair of the public weal.

Here

Here let me anticipate a sort of answer, if it deserves that name, which is sure to be urged against this pamphlet—that its purpose is to pull down one minister only to put up another;—a stile of argument much practised by the ministerialists of late; who, from a conscience of what its fate ought to be, have made laboured efforts to prolong the credit of this wretched administration, by degrading the motives of its opponents into a mere love of loaves and fishes.—Depravity would level all things to its own standard.

To call this conduct by its proper name, resort must be had to coarse epithets—It is a *villainous* and an *impudent* trick, and not the less so, for being very common and vulgar.

Without dwelling upon the misery of begging questions in this way, and of replying to arguments, only by the imputations of motives; *villainy* alone can tell the people of England that they have nothing for it but to go on in the same course of stupid confidence in the same men, who have brought the empire to its present pitch—and it is sure *impudence*, embossed and burnished, to charge the statesman who will be justly supposed the first in my contemplation as the successor of Mr. Pitt, with any fordid sentiment.

A man whose indifference about office is proverbial; whose whole life is a demonstration of the most incorruptible integrity—whose soul was never stained with the slightest tinge of avarice,

and whose glory it is, to have lived in the constant disfavour of a court, the fatal politics of which have brought on the greatest evils which any nation, that ever survived its misfortunes, has suffered—the whole, both in gross and detail, in diametrical opposition to the advice, and confirming with most extraordinary minuteness, the reiterated but fruitless predictions of this very person !

The perturbed spirits of the minister's minions may rest assured, that Mr. Fox will never be the favourite of such a court. His Majesty, well read, I doubt not, in *Horace* and *Father Bosso*, makes a most poetical use of this gentleman. Epic writers never introduce a divinity, but when the object is unaccomplishable by human power.

“ *Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.* ”

Is it designed as the highest flattery, that the king never calls in the aid of Mr. Fox but when it is *dignus vindice nodus* with national affairs?—that is to say—when they are in the last extremity—and the government becomes a kind of forlorn hope ?

In these circumstances stood the country when Mr. Fox first became minister—One English army had succeeded to the captivity of another English army, passing *sub jugo* from Saratoga to York town. The connection with Ireland wholly depended

pended upon the bare discretion of an armed country ; insulted, wronged, and resting upon her firelocks. The navy of France, Spain and Holland chased the English fleet into Portsmouth ; another hundred million was added to the national debt, and the 3 per cents. were at 57.

In these circumstances Mr. Fox was called upon ; and if the reader have any curiosity to know how soon the call shall be repeated ; I will tell him to an exactness. When the likeness to the above picture is quite complete, we shall see a tardy, mortified, languid, reluctant compliance with the public voice in his favour, *and not one hour before !*

The two epochs differ in one respect. At present our navy has the same superiority which it maintained during the greater part of the American war ; and therefore it is probable that until Admiral Richery, or some other French sailor, shall renew the triumph of M. de la Motte Piquet in 82—Mr. Fox will have full leisure to shoot partridges.

Of Lord Spencer's talents, I certainly make no question ; but even Lord Spencer cannot boast more zeal or experience than Lord Sandwich : from whose closet issued that dictum of French superiority “ whenever her navy became her sole “ care” already referred to, as coming from a late noble sea officer, who at the time he delivered

the opinion, was himself a commissioner of the admiralty!

It is not, God knows, from anxiety that Mr. Fox should be minister, either on his account or from views personal to myself, that I have taken the trouble of composing this work. If I were of a corrupt nature, little as I am, the channel had been long ago open to me and upon more than one occasion. In his day of difficulty or danger I believe I should be found as near to Mr. Fox and cling as close to him, as any person born of woman;—but my disposition does not particularly lead me to cultivate anybody in the hour of success. I suspect that I should not be the first to present myself upon his kissing the king's hand—no evil to the man I love best, for in such a case he would be sure of a crowded levee. My true motive is the salvation of my country, and without dwelling longer upon malice which perhaps should be treated only with contempt and scorn—I proceed.

The best chance then of real peace with France is surely from this description of minister.

From a minister, who, bred in the principles of the grand alliance and nurtured in a fear of French power, had surveyed the revolution in France as the harbinger of peace to England and to Europe—who, burning with the ardor of a patriot for the freedom of his own country, beheld the rising liberty of other nations with the rapture

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ture of a philosopher—who was the first public man in Europe to hail the downfall of the atrocious despotism of the court of Versailles—who lamented as heartily as the enemies of the French revolution rejoiced, in the crimes and cruelties which were not so much produced by that event, as by the unprincipled combination formed against it by foreign tyrants—who, gifted with an understanding like intuition to see in the right season the wisdom or folly of state measures, had warned his country of the fatal policy of its ministers towards France, and opposed this destructive war in all its stages, with invincible constancy and courage; though deserted by those who were nearest his heart, and supported only by a few firm associates, whose merit is increased by the smallness of their numbers, and the general delirium which the administration had so artfully excited—a man whose morals prevent him from exulting at the misfortunes of others, and whose manners secure him from the necessity of humiliation.—Who never insulted France in the period of her depression and has nothing to disavow or expiate in the hour of her triumph—who has not left mankind in the dark about his object for four fatal years of unexampled carnage—and finally, whose distinguishing character being directness and plain dealing, appears the properest man to negotiate with a people who affect to substitute candour for the finesse and fallacy of courts!

Such

Suchaman, though the desperate circumstances in which the country is plunged, forbid the hope of such treaties as England has been accustomed to, may obtain some endurable terms ;—and he may do, what is of ten thousand times more value : he may extinguish national hatred.—He may restore that mutual confidence between the two nations, without which any peace will be delusion.—But rather than Mr. Fox should disgrace himself with any participation in the destructive projects of the present ministry (a speculation which the court cant has of late very assiduously inculcated) I had rather behold him sepulchred in that mute scene where Cato reposes, defeated indeed in his noble designs, but consecrated by unfulfilled honour to the admiration of after ages !

If this country is fated to contend with France upon the principle of the *delenda est Carthago* ; (which I trust in God is not the fact) if probity and openness fail of all effect upon the government of France ; this country has nothing for it, but A FINAL COURAGE worthy of its ancient character, and suitable to its tremendous danger. Then must be roused those English energies, which Mr. Windham,\* with such mortification and venom,

\* This minister after likening France to Pandemonium and the French to devils, in the true spirit of the Quiberon state-paper, panegyrised the national energy they had displayed in  
the

nom, abused the people of England for not displaying in support of this odious war—energies impossible to be excited by the present ministry—but which Mr. Fox may yet call forth!

It may be asked with good reason, whether those inveterate friends of the war, who are so implacable for its duration in the confidence of its working the downfall of the monarchic and aristocratical parts of this constitution, are likely to be subdued into concord and co-operation by a better administration? A direct “yes!” to such a question would be too much to answer for—but when the causes, heavy and grievous of their present discontents, are taken away; when the English constitution is restored to them, sound, pure, and vigorous; their ill humour, to which Mr. Pitt furnishes such constant aliment, will shew itself with an ill grace, and the conclusion is reasonable,—that after full justice is done to the country, the number of such persons will be few, their efforts feeble, and that they will soon melt into the common current of British feeling.

the war, with a fore sarcasm upon the English, for the want of it,

“ No, so God help me, they spake not a word,  
 “ But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,  
 “ Star’d at each other, and look’d deadly pale.”

Buckingham’s account of the people,  
 to Richard the III.

There

There is another class, which may not be unworthy of consideration, in the event of a new government. Those whom Tacitus has well described, marked by their propensity to servitude ; —tyrants at once and slaves, who think they gain something by every abridgment of British liberty and suffer by every accession to it. These, some of them perhaps with arms in their hands, might be reckoned cold colleagues in a truly popular struggle—Cold enough I doubt not,—but their natural antipathy to the French revolution, would at least be an assurance of their fidelity in a contest with France,—and, for their utility in the hour of need, of all the descriptions among us, the achievements of these gentlemen should be the last thing to be thought of.!!

Such persons will be more formidable to the government of an honest minister in time of peace, than in time of war to a foreign enemy ; for it will ever be found that the worst defenders of a free country are those who love its freedom least. These boisterous revilers of the French are distinguished enough for the glory of holiday soldiership. To judge by their lofty contempt, each of them “ would kill you some six or seven dozen Frenchmen at a breakfast, wash his hands and say”

“ *Fie upon this quiet life ! We want work.*”

SHAKESPEARE.

But

But specious professors are slippery performers—and vaunting pretenders to vast exploits, commonly end like their great prototype, in being planet-struck! Never was ridicule more just than that which is levelled at what are called “lives and fortune men”—The steady tenor of true courage disdains the discussion of its prowess, and if the French should ever invade this country, I have no doubt that those will *do the most* against them, who *talk the least* upon the subject.

Upon the whole unless I have deceived myself, the premises are well laid whereon I build this conclusion—that this country has every thing to dread from the present administration, and every thing to hope from its opponents!

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## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

HAVING expressed with great positiveness, a total despair of the public safety under this ill-omened ministry, it is natural to consider whether there seems any probability of better auspices, by putting the nation into the management of better men.

My opinion is that there is not the slightest likelihood of such an event. As to the parlia-

ment's compelling it—the thing is totally out of the question. Jealousy of the power of the crown! suspicion of the minister! a vigilant superintendence of executive government! these words are only known as historical terms that apply to past times. To grant money and praise the minister is all that is now even looked for.

A member\* of the house of commons a few days before the late dissolution, in a speech of exquisite clearness and beauty, made a solemn charge upon administration of having *consciously broken* several statute laws—and the result, though it has not excited the least impression in our time, cannot fail to be the wonder of posterity, if the principles of the English constitution should ever again reanimate the morbid mass of the English people. The accusation was met by a direct *confession of the facts*—and what is the judgment of the judges?—*complete indemnity*!! This incident, a drop of water in an ocean of similar acts by the same body, is mentioned only, as it happens to be an epitome of the conduct of that house, from its birth to its expiration.—No man wastes time so much as to speculate upon the system of the new parliament, so absolute is the certainty of its independence and public spirit!!

It has been the astonishment of wise men how this country should have been so eager, after

\* Mr. Grey.

the American war, to engage in the present, which is full brother to it ; and the fact serves to confirm the philosopher's opinion, who said, " that experience had little effect upon mankind." The American war was a project to crush the spirit of liberty, as well as the present war ; and the clamour of late years against French principles has not been more vehement, than the war-whoop which had been howled through this country against the sedition, anarchy, and rebellion of the Americans. Like causes will ever produce like effects. Where selfish pride and jealous tyranny take possession of men's minds, the freedom of the human race, wherever it is cultivated, is sure to excite their malignity, in despite of example, however forcible, or of experiment, however recent and afflicting.

One of the most furious supporters of the present war, the image indeed of many others in the same respect, is Mr. Powis. This gentleman vindicated for a long time the American war, with the same phlegm he now displays against France.—He lived, however, to shed, even on the floor of the house of commons, salt tears of sorrow and remorse—but alas—they were

" The tears forgot as soon as shed !"

Oblivious of past penitence he relapses into the same course ; and though no man accused Lord

North with such asperity “ for deceiving the  
“ country gentlemen into the American war,”  
as he expressed himself—Yet Mr. Pitt finds this  
identical senator a sort of parliamentary pioneer  
in the French crusade.

Leaving those then, if there are any, to the  
fruition of their reveries, who expect that the  
parliament will pull down this baneful system,  
the next consideration is whether the nation will  
assert itself, to save itself.

In the first place, can the nation speak at  
all? If it can, is it inclined to speak? There  
are thousands in this country, in the situation of  
Justice Woodcock; who, piqued at his sister's  
shrewdness in discovering the imposture of his  
daughter's lover, embraces the supposed impostor,  
as a means of obviating the sister's triumph.  
“ Brother, brother,” says Deborah Woodcock,  
“ the fellow's a vagabond!” “ So much the bet-  
“ ter,” answers the justice, “ I'd have him a va-  
“ gabond.” John Bull knows well enough that  
he has been gulled all through the war; but,  
with his characteristic simplicity, he prefers being  
duped by the ministry, to the acknowledgment of  
being outwitted by the superior sagacity of those  
who warned him of his danger.

Between the conviction of sin and the shame  
of confession—I take this to be the precise feeling  
of a great part of this country. Combining this  
sentiment with the known state of things in this  
country—

country—with that leviathan, the influence of the crown (sufficient of itself to weigh down any spirit of the people, even when the popular tide flowed most rapidly against the court) and super-added to that political listlessness into which the English nation has notoriously fallen of late years; the luxury of the higher, the poverty of the lower orders; the apathy of all to all things but animal enjoyments—fate cannot shake a favourite minister in such a country, unless

“ He take great pains, and work against his fortune.”

If it be a patriot maxim not to despair of the common wealth, no nation under heaven has put its patriots to so bitter a test, as England has done during the present war. Even at this moment, the most fantastical thoughts are encouraged in consequence of the retreat of the French armies in Germany.

It has been well observed that such exultation is the strongest proof of the disgraceful war the country has carried on. It is indeed without intending it, the highest stile of compliment to the arms of France!—That the collected efforts of the house of Austria, after long meditation of the attempt by their own account, and as a sort of *dernier coup* to save the seat of empire, should have driven back the French armies towards the Rhine!—that this should excite such transports in the allies,  
in

in total forgetfulness of all the past, as well as of the true state of things at present, is like the joy of the unhappy wretch, who having lost his legs and arms, rejoiced that the head remained upon his dismembered trunk.

Why?—if General Jourdan's army had been forced back into the heart of the Hundsruck,—if General Moreau had been at this hour at Strasbourg—if General Buonaparte had remained at Nice—where he was on the 11th of last April, in the place of having impounded the King of Sardinia in his abridged dominions; of having driven before him the veteran bands and most renowned commanders of the Emperor, from the plains of Cherasco to the mountains of Trent and of having brought all Italy to his feet—in fine, if France had been quiescent during this campaign, and had remained only as she stood at the close of the last, then—even with *that* comparative littleness of her acquisition; she would still have waged the most successful war that ever nation waged before her. Her conquests, during the previous four years, surpass those of Rome for the four first centuries of that common wealth; and the new republic will be found to have fought more battles in that time, taken more fortresses, gained more victories, and subdued more states than the antient all-conquering republic ever did in equal length of time, not excluding any period of Roman renown. !

Is this statement an expression of joy at French success! ?—How drunk with delusion must this country be—how many degrees beyond intellectual sanity, if it cannot bear the relation of historical fact! I have the authority of all philosophy at my side in asserting that hatred of another nation is not the test of regard for one's own. No error is more common in England than mistaking a lust of the good things of government for love of the constitution; and confounding an abhorrence of France with true patriotism. The basest communities detest their enemies the most. Noble nations respect, and savage tribes devour, each other. The Archduke Charles, because he has the soul of a hero, holds his antagonist in high esteem; and if it could be known which of that brave prince's followers, detests the French with most rancour, it would infallibly turn out to be the dirtiest fellow in his army!

In the words of old Caratach—

“ Allow an enemy both weight and worth.”

And I repeat it, so far from being prompted to the fatal pursuit of this war, by the retreat of General Jourdan—when that general's army has again its head-quarters at Treves; when Moreau has measured back his two hundred miles to Strasbourg: and when Italy is as perfectly reconquered, as it is conquered now, then, *even then,*

*then*, our motives to triumph will be exactly this; —we shall be as near the attainment of our undefined object in this war, as we were—six months ago!!

The appetite of many people in this country to traduce the French annihilates all memory as well as judgment.

In the number of its blind censures, who could believe that the advocates of the English ministry should venture to taunt the French directory, for insisting on the Duke of Brunswick's dismissing the personage called Lewis XVIII. from his dominions. I feel for that unhappy prince, *because he is unhappy*; and honour the Duke of Brunswick (the best and mildest sovereign in Europe, however he may have suffered by the odious service of the allies) for the asylum he would have granted to the unfortunate. But this feeling is without surprise or censure of the French. I can neither forget that England had a Pretender, nor its conduct upon a like occasion.

So high was the popular indignation at Paris in the year 51, against the English government for what was thought an unnecessary persecution of another Pretender in those days, that Lewis XV. in the plenitude of his power, found it prudent to conceal the peremptory demand of the court of England, until after he had privately arrested and banished from France that miserable fugitive,  
at

at a time when his whole army consisted of his valet de chambre.—How different from the situation of a person in whose cause two of the greatest potentates of Europe and all his own nobility are openly in arms.

No country on earth is so prodigal of its condemnation as England, for practices that should whisper us *to look at home*. Very seemly and becoming indeed is the flippancy of English reprobation for the attacks of the French government upon the emigrants' property. England! that exercised the widest system of confiscation, recorded in latter ages, for acts which were the essence of civil virtue, in comparison to the conduct of the French emigrants.

The Irish deemed James II. their lawful king. (The full half of England thought so at the same time.) They fought with him at home. They followed his fortunes abroad. They never visited their country with invasion or rebellion after their departure; and yet their innocent posterity were cut off from all possibility of succession by one stroke of sweeping oppression!—whereas the French emigrants (their creed the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto) carried fire and sword into the heart of their country, for the avowed purpose of re-establishing the ancient despotism; and did this too in direct disobedience of the formal prohibition of Lewis XVI. himself!

It is not with pleasure that I recur to these transactions. I wish they were blotted from the page of history—and effaced from the memory of mankind. My nature leads me much more to pity the French emigrants than to aggravate their sufferings;—but the cant of British reproach for French forfeitures, is so very *very gross*, that it appeared to me a duty to notice it, in a publication, the drift of which is to annihilate animosity between the two states—as the greatest good that I am capable of rendering to my country.!!

Should the extinction of that animosity be found indeed impossible;—then is my conviction quite positive, that England will gain a loss, though peace were signed to-morrow; and though the French directory should descend from its relative altitude, to concede terms to this country, beyond the hope of the most sanguine Englishman!

To close this last clause of my subject—I can perceive nothing in the conduct of the government, or the complexion of the nation, to furnish any expectation of a change from that system against which every day in the last four years bears such decisive testimony. The country seems devoted. It is remarked of men, and of nations, who have seen better times that in the midst of adversity, they retain the habits of their former fortune.

tune. When the Roman empire was reduced to the circle of Trebifood, the despised inhabitants of that miserable district, spoke as lofty a language as the cotemporaries of Scipio or Caesar. Degraded as this country is in the face of surrounding states, its minister assumed an arrogance in the debate upon the address, on the sixth instant, as high and haughty, as could have become that brilliant period of its military splendour, when the Duke of Marlborough was at Bouchain, and Lewis XIV. selling his jewels to the Jews of Amsterdam.

Indeed the whole conduct of this gentleman in the discussion of the sixth, was extraordinary—even in him.

It is a maxim in morals that he who gives all, gives least; and in logic, that he who proves too much, proves nothing. Though the markets for British trade, enumerated in a previous part of this pamphlet are incontestibly gone; though every necessary of life is dearer by one third than in the commencement of this war; though the trading interest barely floats, by dint of the most extreme exertion of pecuniary artifices; though the government pays 14 per cent. for money; though this minister himself is said to despair of supplying the public necessities any longer by the usual mode of loans and funding. Yet even *he*, so remarkable for captivating pictures of national success, never drew so gaudy a

portrait of the wealth of the state and the security of its resources, as at that moment—*at the very moment* when he announced a measure of government—which is an implied contradiction of his own magnificent representation.

It is one of the most striking features of Mr. Pitt, that he never abandons a favourite pursuit, without giving a thousand reasons against his own determination.

If this country is in the state he affirms it to be, why, (to quote himself again) does he “sup-  
“ plicate France” *more at this time*, than at any period of the last four years?

If the commerce and revenue are as he describes them, why desert the usual course of loans and funding?

His answer to the first was indeed *sui generis*. Studious so to post himself in the parliamentary battle as to avoid their contact who could tread him under foot, he manœuvred so as to be his own catechiser; and dismissed all inquiry into his imperious refusal to negotiate at any previous juncture of the war, with this syllogism. “Does it  
“ follow that we should not treat with France  
“ now, because we have not treated before”—Such is the answer of this worthy gentleman, after a sacrifice without example of British money, blood and honour.!

No words but his own could convey an idea of the variegated abundance, and unprecedented  
fortune

fortune of this flourishing country at this hour! It was sure enough, “ the miraculous draught of “ fishes.”

“ One fault he has, I freely will reveal :

“ Could you o’erlook but that—it is to steal.”

He is the finest painter in the world,—save one point. The immortal pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds was a daubing brush to his tongue, in every thing except *likeness*.—But it so happened that if he had not in the course of distributing his colours, very often mentioned “ *this country*,” it never could have occurred to his hearers, feeling and seeing, what they see and feel, that he meant “ *England*.” Indeed he resembled another sort of painter,—who having drawn the portrait of a clock, inscribed the name of the article on the top left the identity should not strike the connoisseur.

Mr. Pitt did much more upon that day. The Lord Mayor’s intelligencer down the river, never went beyond killing off thirty thousand of Jourdan’s troops—but the drawcansir of the house of Commons demolished both the French armies *in toto*.\*

And

\* If no other communication existed, but the government gazette of this country, we should be as ignorant of the true state of Europe, as the inhabitants of Laputa. For example. The King congratulated the parliament last year upon the safety of Italy—and this country paid two hundred thousand

And his luck is like magic.! It was not until *the day after*, that the official report of the directory came, stating to those upon whom a fiction upon such a subject could not impose for many hours—that the entire loss of Jourdan's army was short of *six* thousand, and the defalcation supplied by *sixteen* thousand.!!

However all this cannot be for nothing.!

“ Our Pitt does never lie, but for good cause.”

stand pounds every year of the war towards that object. The flower of the troops of our ally the Emperor and one of his most renowned Captains have been sent to rescue that country;—and yet to this hour, the four following lines are all the intelligence we have from the London Gazette. After a grand description of General Wurmser's achievements in the beginning of August, it adds—“ During this movement of the Field “ Marshal, the enemy attacked in great force on the high “ ground; and some of the battalions of the right wing having “ given way, fell in with those of the left wing not yet posted. “ This unfortunately created confusion and obliged the Field “ Marshal to retreat on this place.”

Such is the sum total, upon the authority of the London Gazette, of our knowledge of the utter ruin of our cause in that country;—though we have had a regular minister, a very respectable gentleman incapable of falsehood or mutilation, Colonel Graham, stationed with the army of Marshal Wurmser.

—After all, I believe those understand the people best, who treat them in this manner.

His

His imagination could never have taken such flights but for some grand object. I believe he has two objects; and time will pronounce upon my conjecture. I guess first that he has some very fine scheme indeed, for raising money; and secondly, I guess that the war is to go on.

If he can contrive that Lord Malinsbury shall transmit some extravagant condition of the French directory, so as to seduce from his opponents in the house of commons *any thing* by which he may vamp up the unanimity so much prayed for by his disciples; I do not see why we may not protract the blessings of this auspicious contention, until Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr. Burke themselves, should call in the dogs of war. The *proema* of such a *denouement* was very skilfully laid upon this occasion. He insinuated his plot with the art of a master.—The piece went off like other farces.—*Valet, res ludicra*—and truly enough I may say, *Suique plausu gaudet theatri*. He was charmed with the applause of his own fair and candid audience.—

From Sylla to Roberespierre, from Jack of Leyden to Mr. Brothers; no successful villainy or fortunate fraud, that either terrified the timid or deceived the ignorant for a short time, and finished in the indignation or contempt of the world, ever had its day with more flash, than the affair of the sixth instant.!

Our

Our ministers have often talked of the triumph of acquitted felons; and I dare say have no conception of the triumph of convicted criminals. No ghost however needs come out of the grave to point out such criminals: convicted, not by the verdict of any formal judicature, but by a tribunal more awful and unerring—by the growing miseries of millions, ! by the waste of incalculable treasures ! by the slaughter of many hundred thousands of God's creatures ! by the desolation of provinces ! by the ruin of realms ! and by the curses, “ not loud but deep ” of all rational, feeling and unbiassed beings !!

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## CONCLUSION.

THIS pamphlet has branched out far beyond its original outline. The difficulty in discussing the misconduct of the administration, lay only in my limiting myself to a single part of it. Fruitful theme for observation ! as their government is in a variety of other respects, I have digressed as little, I think, as possible from that grand feature of it, their policy with regard to the French revolution, and this fatal war, which was an inevitable

table consequence of that policy. There is an eternal fidelity in principles. Civil government is a great machine, and when the grand spring is false, every other movement is confused and irregular. The government began this business in the wrong, and can never finish it in the right.

In commenting upon their conduct, I have not hinted a single syllable against their private lives. With that freedom which the subject requires, which springs from the vital essence of the English constitution, I have used, and I hope not abused, the right still remaining to us, of scrutinizing a great measure of the responsible servants of the crown and the people. Their personal characters may be among the most amiable in the world ; and I doubt not they are such. I meddle with nothing but their public political acts, in which every member of the community has a high interest. The ermine does not adorn any minister of the law, who holds personal detraction and private calumny in more detestation than the writer of this work.

With respect to its composition, I do not know so little of authorship, as to urge any thing in palliation of critical defects. When a book is once public it must fight its own way, without the aid of excuses. It is however the truth, that these sheets have been put together with an expedition that afforded no leisure for those orna-

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ments,

ments, which add to the force of sound reasoning—and often reconcile that which is weak. I felt the subject strongly, and had no other consideration but that of impressing the same conviction upon my reader, with little attention to literary decorations.

GRAVEN-STREET,

October 17th, 1796.

With that freedom which is the privilege of the press, which springs from the vital essence of the English constitution, I have used, and I hope not abused, the right still remaining to us of expressing a great measure of the responsibility of the crown and the people. Their personal characters may be among the most valuable in the world; and I doubt not they are such. I meddle with nothing but their public political acts, in which every member of the community has a high interest. The crime does not admit any manner of the law, who holds personal freedom and private economy in more estimation than the virtue of this work.

With respect to its composition, I do not know to what of authorship as to style any thing is to be said. It is a collection of critical observations on the works of the great writers of the age, and is not a new work. It is a collection of critical observations on the works of the great writers of the age, and is not a new work. It is a collection of critical observations on the works of the great writers of the age, and is not a new work.